Our Economy: Mixed and Mixed-Up

October 11, 1962 25¢

The Congressional Expense Account

THE REPORTER

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How Puerto Rico's healthy, happy bomberitos got that way

Union Carbide, Shell Oil—and 770 other American-owned plants are thriving in Puerto Rico. Now there are jobs. And schools. And high new hopes in this scrubbed and cultured commonwealth.

THE small fry in our picture are called *bomberitos*. Which is a Puerto Rican's exuberant way of saying 'little firemen.'

Bomberitos do good deeds, learn all about fire prevention—and lead healthy, happy lives on an island that was once written off as 'stricken' and 'saddled with unsolvable problems.'

Today, Puerto Rico's renaissance is booming along at a pace worthy of a country five times its size. Average family income has *doubled* in the last ten years, and may well double again in the next ten.

But you won't catch Puerto Rico resting on its laurels. *One-third of the entire commonwealth budget goes into education.* In a land half as big as Vermont, there are now no fewer than seven colleges and universities.

U. S. firms with plants in Puerto Rico have a lot to be proud of besides healthy profits and soaring production. They have helped to inspire high hopes in a country that, a dozen years ago, had none at all.

To find out how your firm fits into this sunny picture, write to the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19.

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Bell System instructor George Templeton, left, discusses maintenance problems of a teletypewriter printing unit with Henry A. Louz of Surinam, who has come to this country to receive advanced communications training.

Sharing our communications knowledge with new friends from other lands

Henry Albert Louz, shown at right in the picture above, is a communications technician from Paramaribo, Surinam (Dutch Guiana).

Mr. Louz is one of approximately 150 foreign nationals from two dozen different countries receiving technical training from the Bell System this year. The Bell System and other American firms are cooperating with the State Department and the Agency for International Development in providing training to help these and other nations build their economies. Liaison agency for the telephone industry is the Federal Communications Commission.

When Henry Louz's six months' course is over, he will return to his native land in South America to apply the latest in modern technology to problems in his field.

Henry is at the telephone school in Topeka, Kansas, studying all phases of teletypewriter service—the transmission of written information from point to point or via a network. It is training he could not get at home, and he is getting it alongside our employees.

At the same time he is also learning about the American way of life. Through his new friends in Topeka he is meeting people, visiting their homes, seeing factories, museums, sports events. We hope he will return to Surinam with much more than a postgraduate course in communications.

We in the Bell Telephone System are proud of the good communications service that we provide at home—and we are equally proud to share abroad the know-how that makes fine communications possible.

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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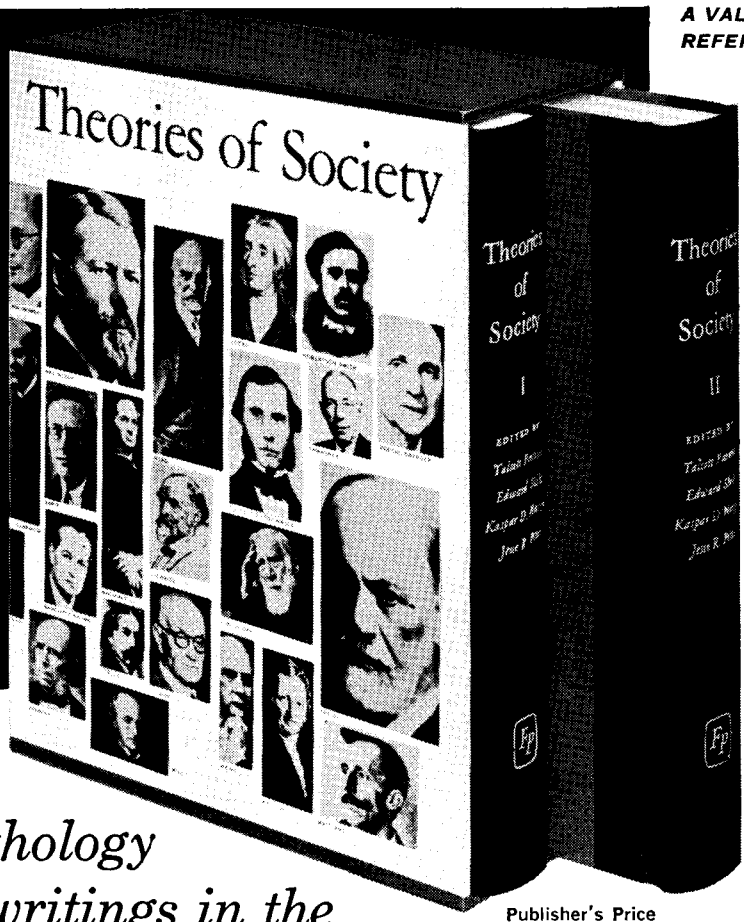

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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

MUCH as they protest their inalienable right to seek their own advantage with a minimum of outside interference, both big labor and big business find themselves depending more and more often on big government to play a crucial role in the making of economic decisions. Usually the three giants get together only at moments of crisis, but **A. H. Raskin** argues that the public interest demands a more orderly form of collaboration. Mr. Raskin was long the chief labor writer at the New York *Times*, where he is now a member of the editorial board. . . . As a result of the recent publicity given Adam Clayton Powell's trip to Europe, a number of questions have arisen about the way congressmen spend the household funds they allot to themselves. Our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** concludes that a certain amount of tightening of the purse strings may be in order, if only to prevent the discrediting of Congress's attempts to check up on the Executive Branch. . . . **William S. Ellis** has recently returned to his home in Gorham, Maine, from a stint in the Middle East as editor of the Beirut *Daily Star*. . . . The sovereign state of Louisiana is working to preserve segregation in its schools in ways that have many disadvantages—not the least of which is the fact that they cost a great deal of money. Our description of Louisiana's tuition grants is from **Ed Planer,** a reporter for WDSU-TV in New Orleans. . . . **Tom Feelings,** a young New York Negro who went South for the first time this summer, offers a report on what he saw that is no less eloquent for being wordless. . . . Now that a kind of peace has come to Algeria, the king of Morocco is eager to show that his country can have a much more moderating influence on African and even European affairs than that of a staging area for FLN troops. Our analysis of Moroccan politics is by **John K. Cooley,** a special correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* who has been covering North Africa for the past six years from a base in Casablanca. . . . **Donald R. McNeil** provides a fascinating footnote to the emergence of Senator Barry Goldwater as a national embodiment of the conservative notion that nearly all spending by the Federal government is pretty close to the work of the devil. Amid all the complaints, it seems that Mr. Goldwater's home state of Arizona is quite content to get hold of a rather sizable chunk of that tainted money. Mr. McNeil, author of *The Fight for Fluoridation* (Oxford, 1957), is in Arizona on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation to study the role of the university in adult education. . . . **Herbert Krosney's** familiarity with the politics of New York's state capital city began while he was a reporter for the Albany *Times-Union*. . . . **Gavin Souter,** of the Sydney *Morning Herald*, has made three visits during the past few years to the primitive regions of New Guinea that are controlled by Australia.

THINKING, once a lonely and difficult process, has been made pleasanter and easier in our times by the discussion program, the committee report, and the conference. The furrowed brow has been replaced by the open mouth, and a good time is being had by all at community thinkouts, brainstorming sessions, and swimming-pool seminars from coast to coast—although mostly, it seems, on the West Coast. **William Lee Miller,** who describes the fundamental nature of the phenomenon, is not only a conferencegoer but also an associate professor at the Yale Divinity School and a frequent contributor to these pages. . . . The quality of the thinking at a particular conference is appraised for us by **Ralph W. Condee,** Professor of English Literature and Humanities at the Pennsylvania State University, now in Scotland on a leave of absence. . . . We are pleased to publish a poem by **Dilys Laing,** whose work appeared in numerous publications and three volumes of her own before she died in 1960. . . . **William Letwin** teaches economic history at MIT. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** latest book, *Contemporaries*, was published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Our cover is by **Fred Marvin.**

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

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Those who pass the Test and are accepted for training may have three years to complete the Course, though it is possible to finish sooner. You set your own rate of progress. This Course is not for hobbyists but for people who are determined to achieve professional success in writing, part-time or full-time. It does not offer any magic formula for success. It does, however, offer three distinct advantages not commonly found in any other area of professional writing instruction:

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2. The unique method. Not only do you learn the writing principles which brought success to these twelve famous writers; in learning to apply these principles, you are given individual professional advice and supervision by mail. Every assignment you complete and mail to the School is carefully edited and revised by your instructor, himself a professional writer supervised by the School's Guiding Faculty.

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Other early students are selling their writing to such varied publications as: *Dallas Times Herald, Christian Science Monitor, Popular Science, The Reader's Digest, Emporia Gazette, True Story* and *All-Florida Magazine.*

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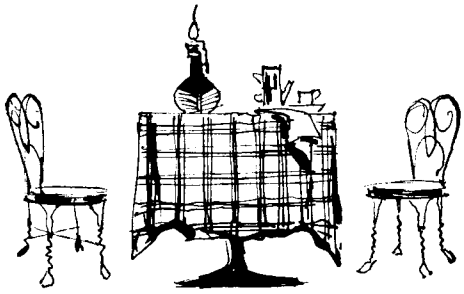

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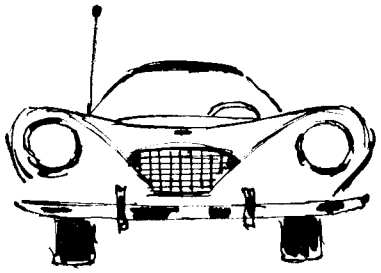

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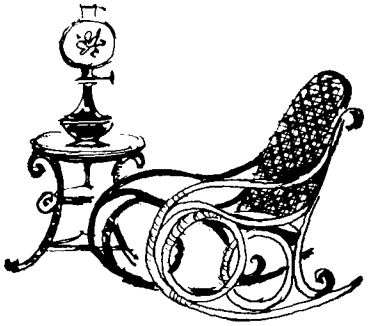

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THE THIRD BRANCH

To the Editor: The tribute you have paid to our judges in "The Reporter's Notes" of September 13 is so happily expressed and so wise that it calls for endorsement by one who has never been a judge, but is grateful for them and for your judicious praise of them.

Judges occupy a particularly trying position in our society. They must decide controversies, public and private, that in many cases have aroused deep feelings on both sides. Whichever way the decision goes, there are the disappointed ones who can't help feeling resentfully that *their* right has been violated, and that the judge or judges are to blame for it. This is especially true respecting controversies aroused by centuries-old racial and religious differences.

We should indeed be happy that we have so many able, impartial, conscientious men who make a life work of judicial tasks, and that these tasks are as wisely and fairly performed as they are.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Washington

WHAT'S A LIBERAL?

To the Editor: I endorse wholeheartedly the letter of Albert J. Forman of Springdale, Connecticut, in your issue of September 13. I, too, am grateful for *The Reporter* at a time when other "liberal" organs are emulating the ostriches of the 1930's who refused to face the ugly facts of Hitlerism and its threat to freedom. It is nauseating to observe the flood of hysterical slop emanating from many who did denounce Hitler (especially after he invaded the Soviet Union), but who refuse to acknowledge the obvious goals of Soviet imperialism.

EMERSON JACOB
Berea, Ohio

To the Editor: Albert J. Forman's letter praising you for your absence of doctrinaire liberal dogma stirred me to ask a question which has annoyed me for the last few years:

What's wrong with a good lacing of "doctrinaire liberalism" in this flabby, flaccid world where non-doctrinaire liberals take a middle-of-the-road stand and promptly compromise to the Right?

GEORGE M. JOSEPH
Fayetteville, Arkansas

THE FORBIDDEN CITY

To the Editor: Thanks for the reports on Berlin by yourself and Edmond Taylor (*The Reporter*, September 13). After having resided in Berlin since September, 1956, until last month, I feel that I have gained an insight into the mentality of the Berliners that not many Americans can boast. The events of the past fourteen months

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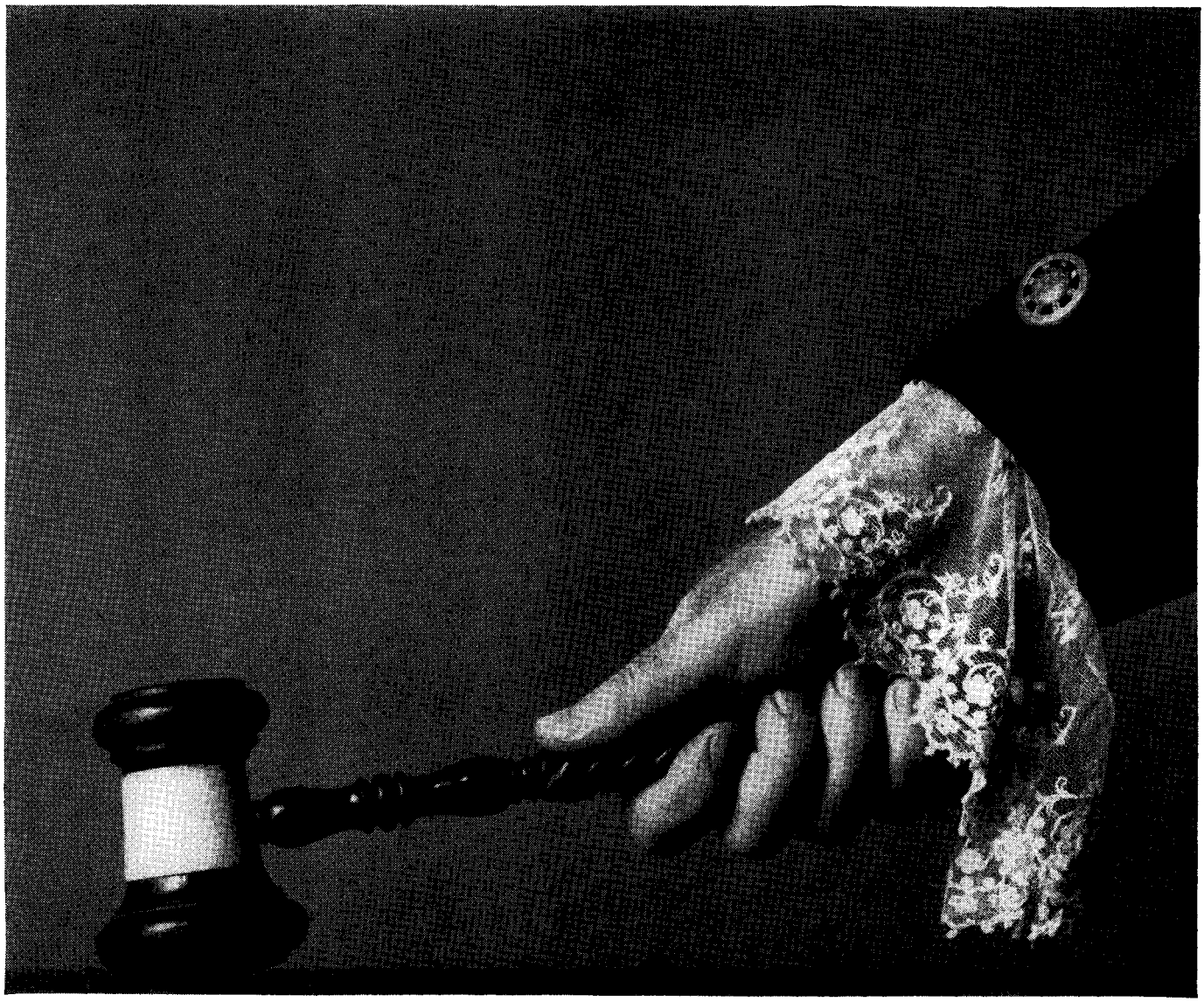

Self-regulation—from quaint beginnings, 170 years in the making

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They regulated themselves, and naturally their regulations were few and simple. In 1817, the first formal constitution was adopted. As the country grew, and the number of Exchange Members increased, a more rigid set of regulations began to evolve.

Today, 170 years after the beginning, the 1,366 Members are subject to one of the most stringent codes of self-regulation on the American business scene, plus the laws and rules administered by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

To begin with, a man who wants to become a Member has his background carefully scrutinized by the Exchange before he's accepted.

Once in business, his firm must submit to a surprise audit by independent public accountants once a year and answer three financial questionnaires of the Exchange every year, one of which is based on the audit. In addition, Exchange examiners will visit his firm's offices and spot check its books and records.

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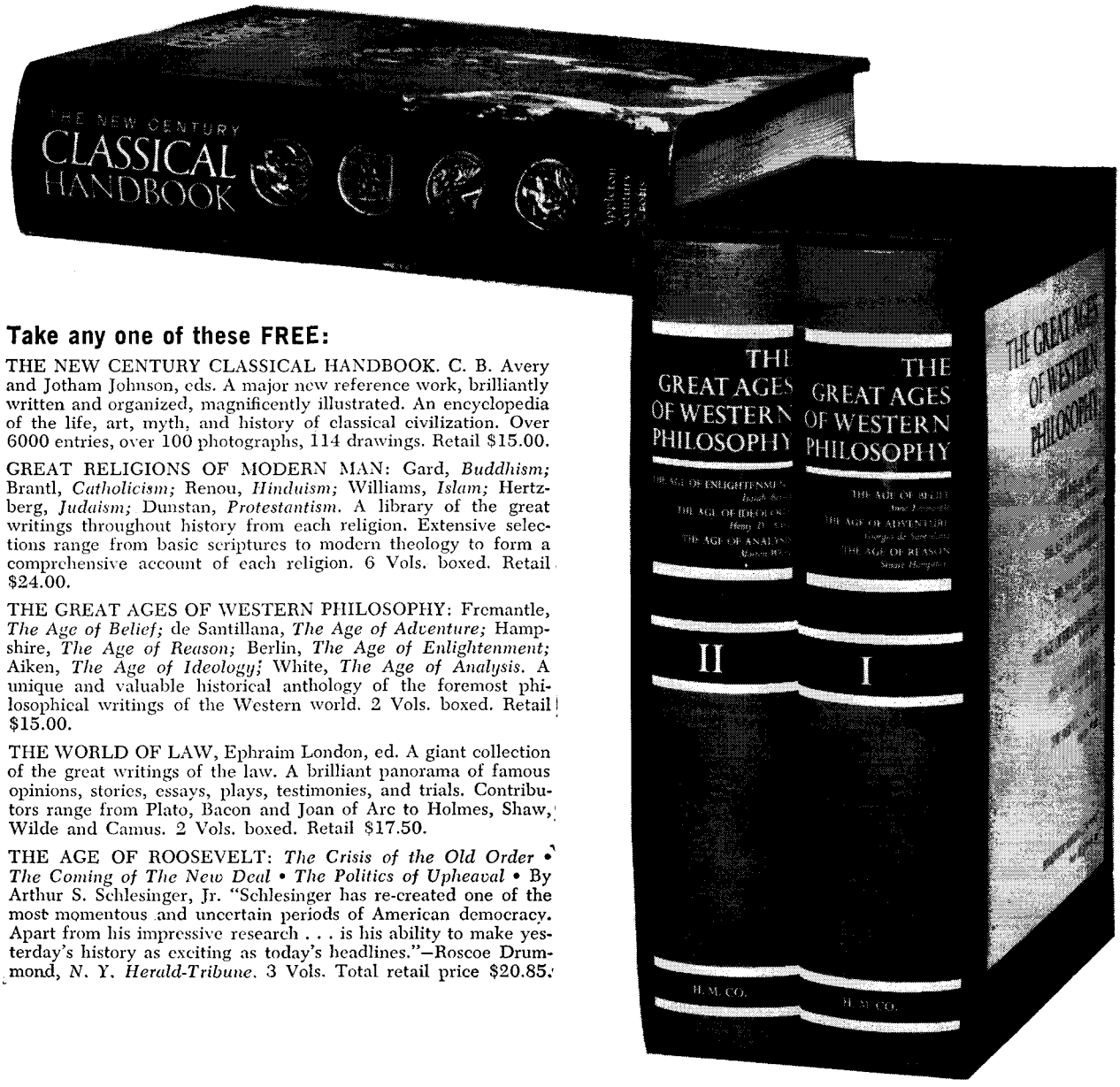

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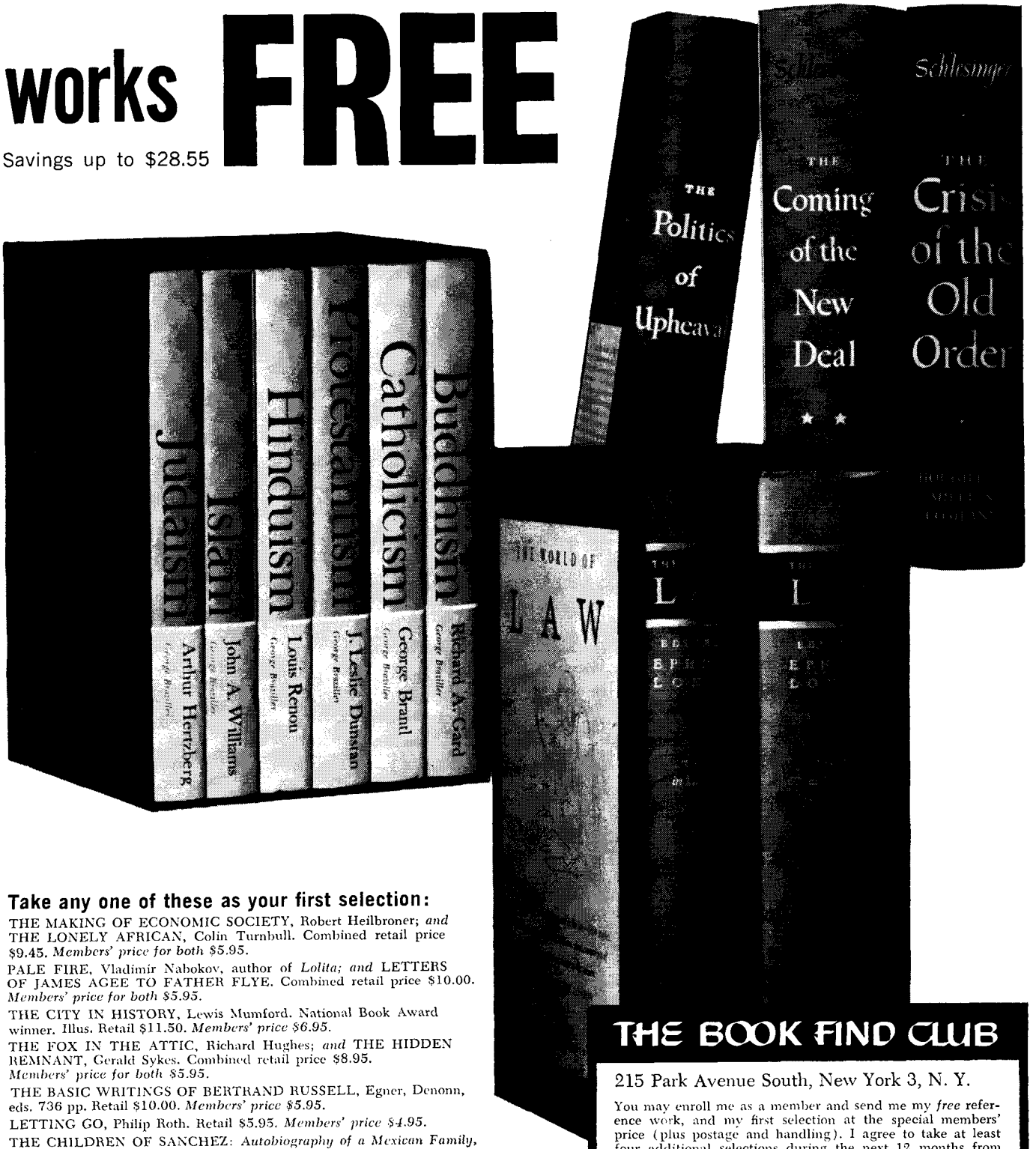

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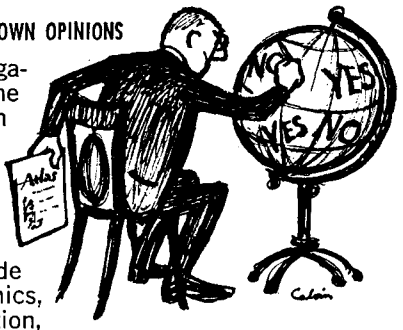

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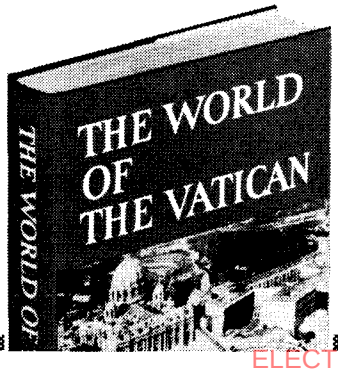

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have been an irreparable blow to the free world—and a blow dealt by the United States, the champion of freedom.

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Is it really true that we have become so materialistically inclined that all we care about is a full belly and a good show on TV? Unless we can arouse the American animal up off its haunches, we will soon be wearing the yoke of a Khrushchev or an Ulbricht.

G. MICHAEL OTTO
Springfield, Ohio

To the Editor: I am awed and moved, and more appreciative than I can say, by your reflections in the September 13 issue. There is a resonance of concern in your words that makes the gaudy, the partisan, the irresponsible fulminations over Berlin recede at once. We are all in your debt.

GARY WILLS
Baltimore

To the Editor: Edmond Taylor's "The Forbidden City" frankly stresses the blatantly political character of the western presence in Berlin. It is not primarily our concern for freedom and humanitarianism that causes us to insist on just precisely the present form of western presence. It is rather our insistence on running interference for a reunited Germany that causes us to stand not firm but rigid.

Western policy in Berlin is serving German neo-nationalism, not western freedom and international peace and order in the fullest sense. No other explanation can account for our refusal to consider seriously some recognition of East Germany and a United Nations presence in Berlin in place of a specifically NATO presence. It is certainly possible to imagine formulas of de-westernization of Berlin that would continue to preserve the political freedom of West Berliners, yet they and we will have none of it, for under a United Nations presence Berlin would no longer be the symbol of the strongest continental power in Europe.

If "The fundamental issue underlying any solution to the Berlin problem is the capacity of the East German régime to become less cruel toward its subjects" is accepted as true, one wonders if that capacity will be given any chance by our continuing to insist on the anachronistic dream of a reunited Germany with all of its memories to feed the Ulbricht régime. Vopos escaping to the West because they are socially unpopular and West Berlin rowdies stoning Russian busses are not exactly crashing victories for freedom. They are, of course, helpful ploys in the con-

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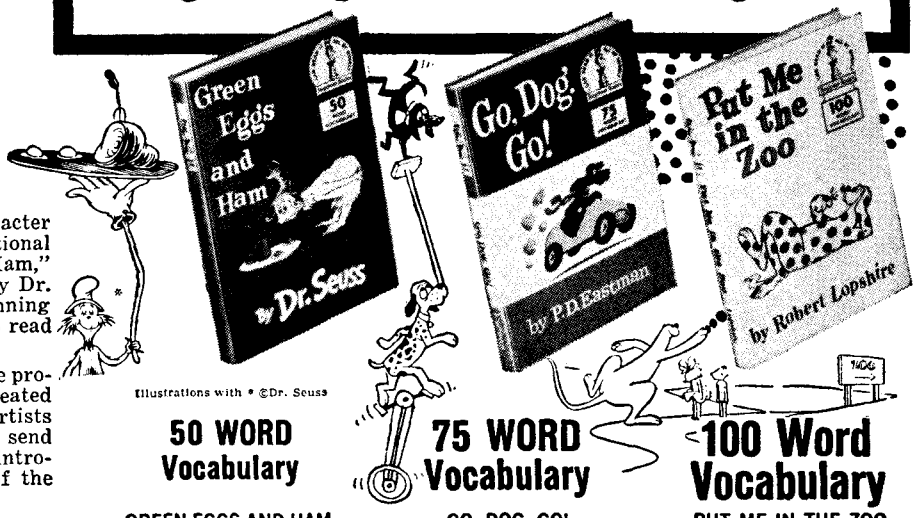

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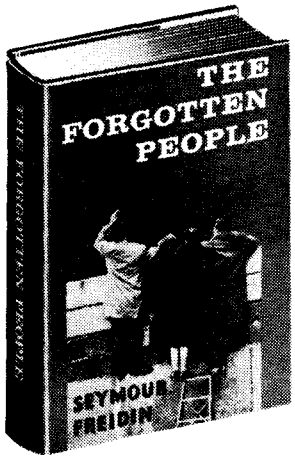

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tinued agitation for a reunited Germany. A settlement in which we sharply reduced the bugaboos of neo-Nazism and NATO nuclear war would be much more likely to lead to the modification or replacement of Ulbricht's régime than the present western intransigence, which only increases Khrushchev's commitment to him.

NORMAN K. GOTTWALD
Newton Centre, Mass.

THE REAL TELSTAR ISSUE

To the Editor: Philip M. Stern's lucid discussion of the issues not faced by the Senate in the Telstar filibuster (*The Reporter*, September 13) is excellent. He asserts—correctly, I believe—that the new satellite corporation represents an entirely new direction which we are taking in the control of enterprises closely tied to the public interest, and as such "is sure to loom large in the future of the American economy."

The low intellectual and high noise level of the "debate" did nothing to bring this fact before the public. Instead, it was lost in the din of shopworn cries about "giveaways," "profits," and "socialism."

This new satellite corporation is an experiment. No one, in or out of government, is in a position to pass judgment on its feasibility until it has been given a fair trial—another important point the Senate might have brought before the people but didn't. It remained for Mr. Stern and *The Reporter* to do the job, and you are to be congratulated for it.

THOMAS R. JORDAN
New York

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

To the Editor: Those "realists" referred to by Bernard D. Nossiter in your September 13 issue ("The Day Taxes Weren't Cut") who assume "that all politicians like to play Santa Claus with other people's money" would not have been confounded by Congressional coolness toward an immediate cut in taxes if they simply looked at the record.

Table B-51 (page 268) of the President's Economic Report to Congress presents net public and private debt, 1929-61. This shows an increase every year since the Second World War in the net debt of state and local governments, of private corporations, of farms, of nonfarm individuals, and of noncorporate firms. There is a single exception to this picture of continuously rising net debt, namely the Federal government.

Apparently the politicians were financially more conservative than businessmen and bankers, but no one gives them credit for it. A sound credit policy means giving credit where credit is due.

SIDNEY KORETZ
Washington, D. C.

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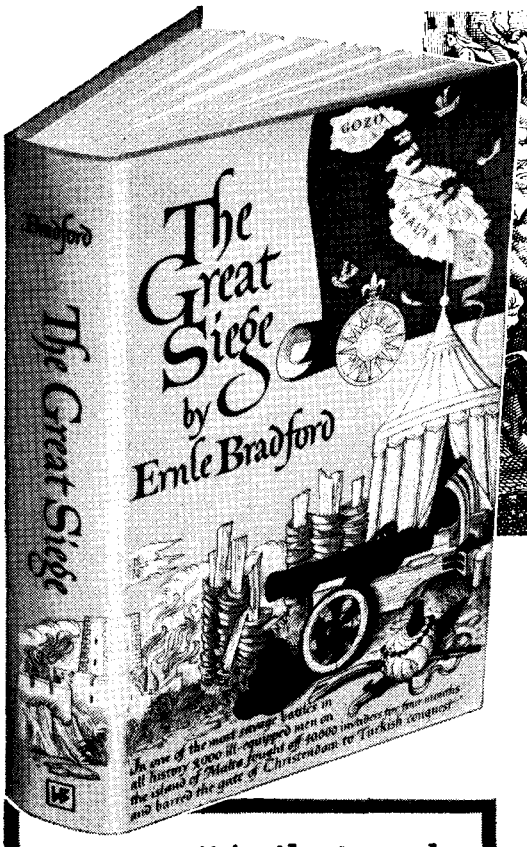

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"Mr. Bradford provides not only a dramatic account of one of the western world's decisive campaigns, but a vast amount of fascinating information about warfare in that period and other related matters. He demonstrates the methods of attack and defense of seemingly impregnable fortresses. Incendiary hoops, for example, sent whirling among the flowing robes of the Janizaries, terrified even those fearless warriors. Chain-shot fired by the defenders into the massed ranks of the advancing enemy mowed down men as if with a scythe. Ingenious engineers on both sides invented devices to increase the terror and devastation of war.

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And Now Mississippi

Remember Autherine Lucy of Alabama and the mobs that prevented her from attending the University of her home state? Remember the riots stirred up by John Kasper in Clinton, Tennessee, when eleven Negroes were entered at Clinton High? Remember Little Rock?

There are many more names of victims, of educational institutions, and of demagogues in the South or even in the border states that have made news since the Supreme Court reached its decision on school desegregation on May 17, 1954. Beneath each headline there was always a picture of white people, their faces distorted by hatred; Negro children, looking as if nothing was happening around them; and in between the two groups men in uniform. These pictures were published on the front pages of newspapers all over the world.

There was a ritual quality in the recurrence of those misearble events, just as there was a ritual quality in the reaction to them on the part of most Americans all over the country —not excluding, we dare hope, the South. It was a sense of shame, a feeling of shock, as if each new episode of race violence had been the first of its kind, and yet the certainty that it could not possibly be the last. In fact, deep inside, we all knew where the worst was going to happen.

Now it is here. What used to be a recurrent nightmare has acquired in this latest instance features that are more credible, and therefore more frightening. We cannot have a civil war again, not even in ludicrous miniature; we cannot have men in American uniforms shooting against other men in American uniforms, or "volunteers" enlisted to march against the Federal troops, as a former general who commanded the 101st Paratroop Division at Little Rock has had the impudence to advocate. To talk about interposition now is no more than a showing off of antiquarian legalism. We cannot have any of those unspeakable things. But unreal and improbable as they are, they look terribly close.

In Mississippi there is a man who, not satisfied with having translated into the laws of the state his riotous disregard for the national government, has made himself into the chief executor of his own rebellious legislation. The governor of Mississippi took on the job of registrar of a university in order to deny admission to a qualified student whose only fault was the color of his skin. Not even Orval Faubus went that far. Governor Barnett has made himself into the embodiment of his own law, and has directly challenged the President of the United States.

In his personal use of power, unrestrained by any respect for the Federal Union to which Mississippi belongs, Governor Barnett has been acting with the ruthless showmanship of an African tribal chief. In a political community, whenever one segment of the population uses its monopolistic control of government to thwart an attempt at progress on the part of another segment, it invariably happens that the outlook on life that has been imposed on the oppressed is shared by the oppressors. Fear of the Negroes (who are no longer a majority of the population of Mississippi), a sickly desire to consider them as uncivilized as their ancestors were when brought to this continent, all this has largely contributed to maintain Mississippi as the most underdeveloped state of the Union, with a chief executive who acts like a white Nkrumah.

We always knew that Mississippi came last, or nearly last, in every comparative statistic indicating the people's welfare in every one of our states. This is why, after the Supreme Court decision, it was logical to assume that the worst was going to happen there. Now that the worst has started happening, it is still a shock to look at some of the statistics. Mississippi has the lowest per capital personal income ($1,173, as compared to the national figure of $2,223). It has the lowest public-school expenditure per pupil ($220 against a national average of $414). It has the lowest average salaries for teachers in public schools ($3,560 against a national figure of $5,527). This sickening list could go on and on, down to the appalling mortality rate among infants.

Yet this tragic state has made its remarkable contributions to the national culture: Hodding Carter, for instance, and above all William Faulkner, whose tortured spirit reached greatness probably because, to a very large extent, it reflected the tortured conflicts rending his state. One feels relieved to know that he is not alive these days, for his suffering would overpower his talent for expression.

THERE IS another thing equally tragic to be said about Mississippi. It has been nailed to its position as the last, the most underdeveloped of our states by a thoroughly thought-out plan of industrial development. Mississippi was the first among all the Southern states to go all out to attract Northern capital, offering all sorts of inducements, such as building industrial plants free of charge, exemption from taxes for varying periods of time, and, most important, an abundant supply of cheap, cheap labor. The state of Mississippi has kept its part of the bargain: labor has remained cheap, well below the national average. Trade-union organization has been actively, sometimes forcibly, discouraged, so that while nationally one out of four nonagricultural workers is organized, in Mississippi it is one out of eight.

In terms of manufacturing plants

(Continued on Page 20)

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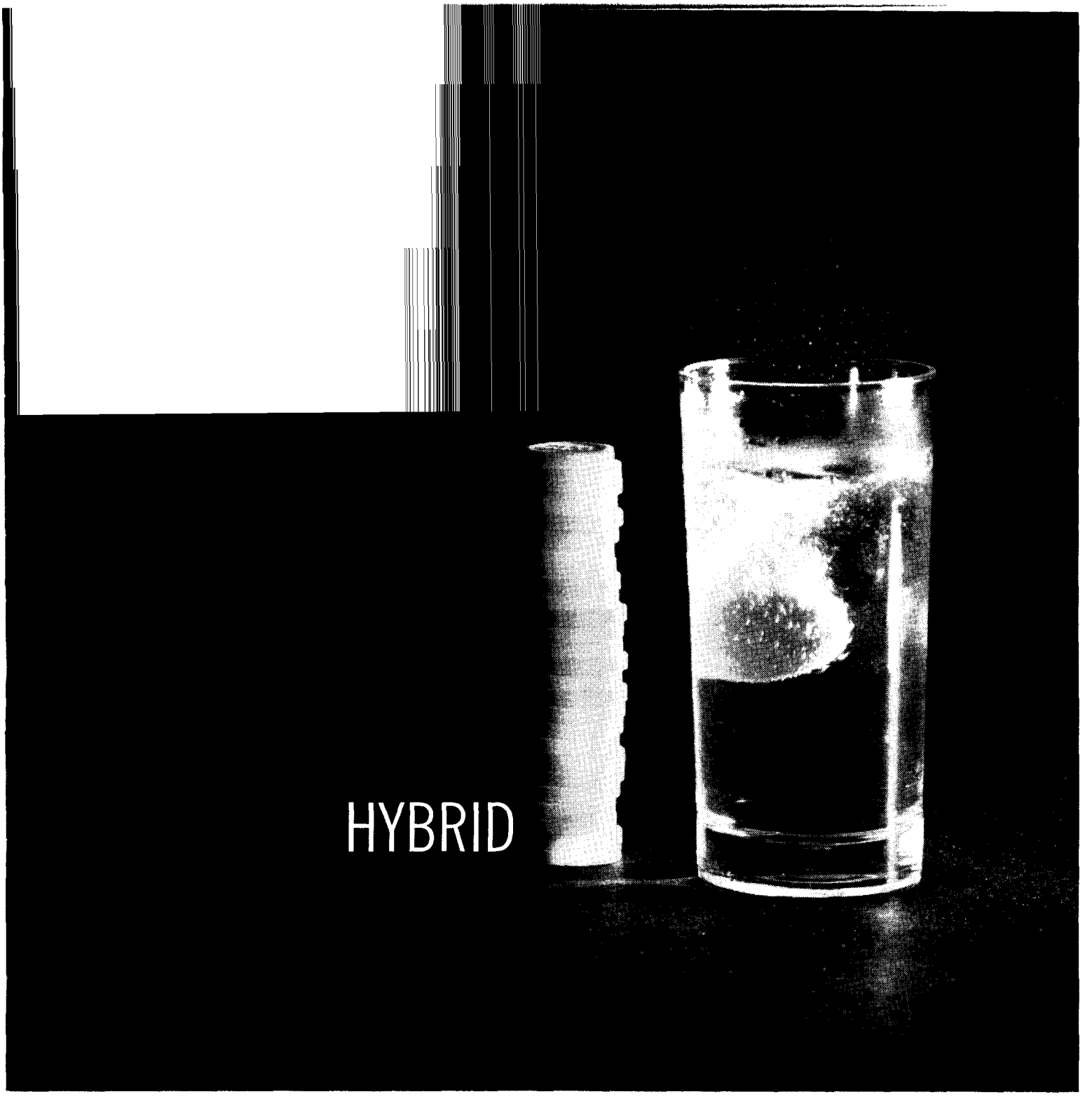

SELTZER TABLETS. GLASS OF WATER. UNMIXED, YOU HAVE AN INERT SOLID, AN INERT LIQUID. MIX THEM, YOU HAVE IMMEDIATE REACTION. WHAT DOES THIS SIMPLE THERAPEUTIC SYSTEM HAVE IN COMMON WITH UTC ROCKET PROPULSION DEVELOPMENT? UNITED TECHNOLOGY CORPORATION IS WELL ALONG WITH A DEVELOPMENTAL HYBRID ROCKET MOTOR, IN WHICH A LIQUID OXIDIZER IS BROUGHT INTO CONTACT WITH SOLID FUEL. THE RESULT IS A WHOLLY NEW KIND OF PROPULSION SYSTEM, COMBINING TRADITIONAL SOLID PROPELLANT RELIABILITY WITH THE HIGH PERFORMANCE FIGURES CHARACTERISTIC OF LIQUID ENGINES. UTC'S HYBRID OFFERS UNLIMITED START-AND-STOP CAPABILITY, AND HIGHER SPECIFIC IMPULSE THAN ANY OTHER NON-CRYOGENIC SYSTEM. APPLICATIONS: HUGE BOOSTERS, SOFT LUNAR LANDINGS, ORBITAL CHANGES OF SPACECRAFT, CONTROLLABLE BALLISTIC MISSILES. ANOTHER STATE-OF-THE-ART ROCKET DEVELOPMENT BY UTC.

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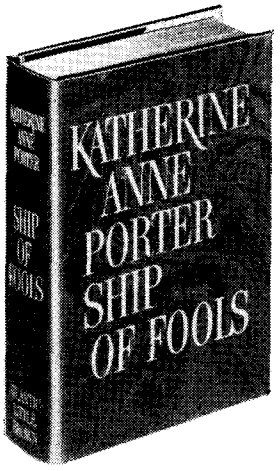

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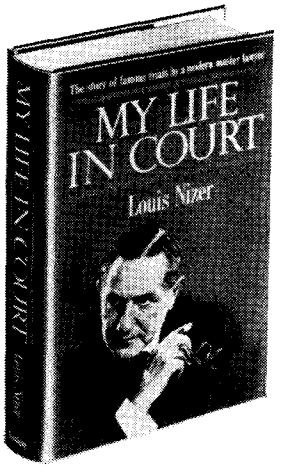

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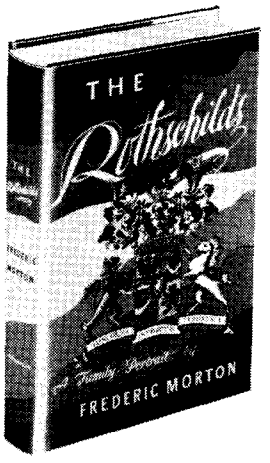

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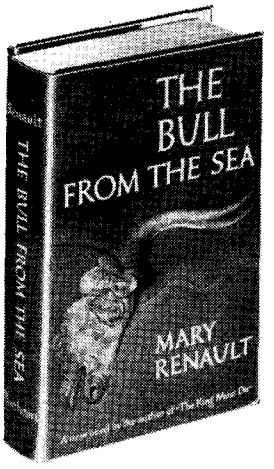

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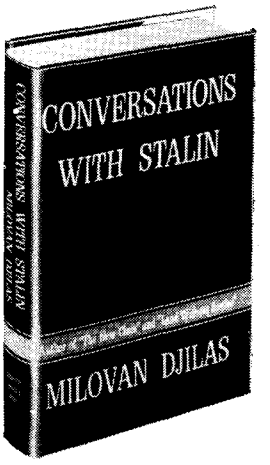

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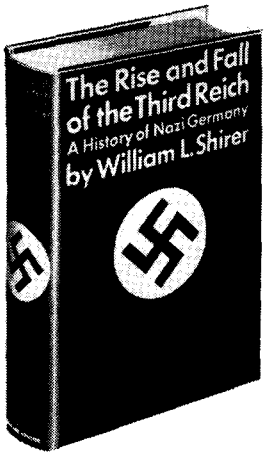

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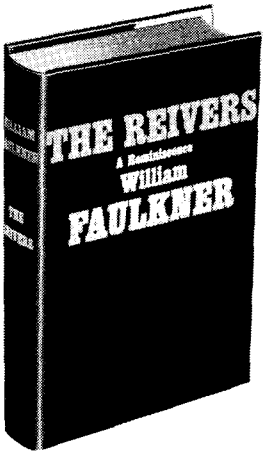

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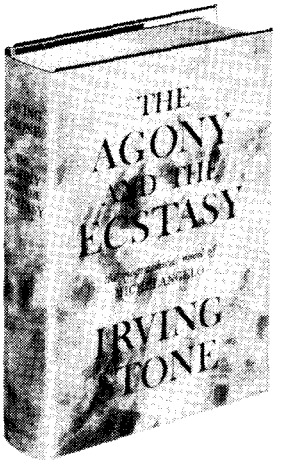

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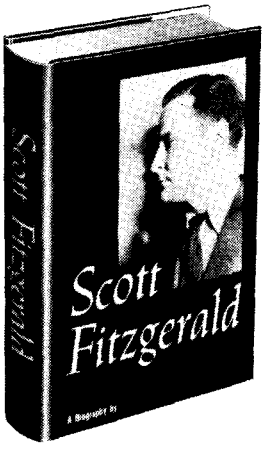

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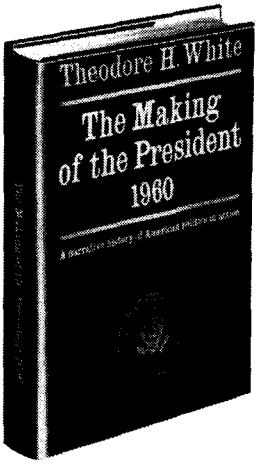

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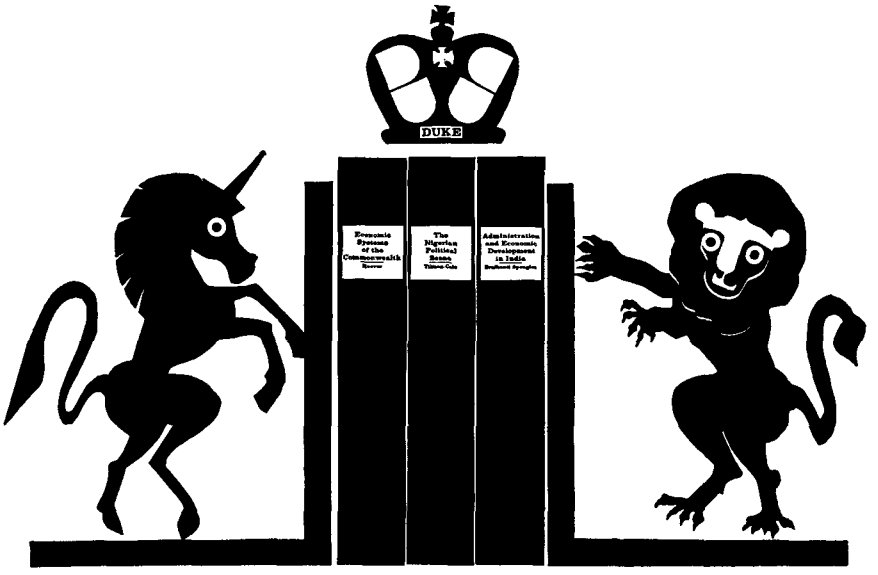

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being built and operating, in terms of industrial development, it must be said that Mississippi is moving ahead. By now, manufacturing is rivaling agriculture as a source of income. Only last year, eighty-three new industries moved to Mississippi, and sixty-three already there expanded. The number of manufacturing plants has risen by twenty-five per cent since 1947.

But while industrial development is moving ahead, the people's welfare is moving backward, and moreover, it is moving backward with popular support. The poor whites, as in many other sections of the South, are among the most violent segregationists; the trade unions are few and weak; and come election time, politicians like Barnett are on top. Apparently the progress of industrial development has not reached any take-off stage, with democratic institutions progressing apace.

IT SHOULD BE CLEAR by now that what has happened lately is only a symptom of a tragedy that has been going on for far too long. One must pity the Mississippians, for ultimately they cannot win. But the administration is faced with one of those intractable situations of which it already has a large supply on hand: it cannot give an inch. The admission of James Meredith to the University of Mississippi is not negotiable.

But as in every serious political problem, domestic or international, the Federal government's efforts for years to come must be accompanied by the activity of other organizations and groups of interests. We mean business and labor, first of all. Labor certainly could be more aggressive down South, and business concerns should be made to be ashamed of the profit they make through the kindness of the Mississippi state government. Perhaps all of us citizens have a role to play. We might, for instance, refuse to buy any product of any firm that has plants in Mississippi until the time when we can know for sure that the living conditions of the workers, black and white, are getting closer to those of the workers in the rest of the nation.

Mississippi cannot remain an un-

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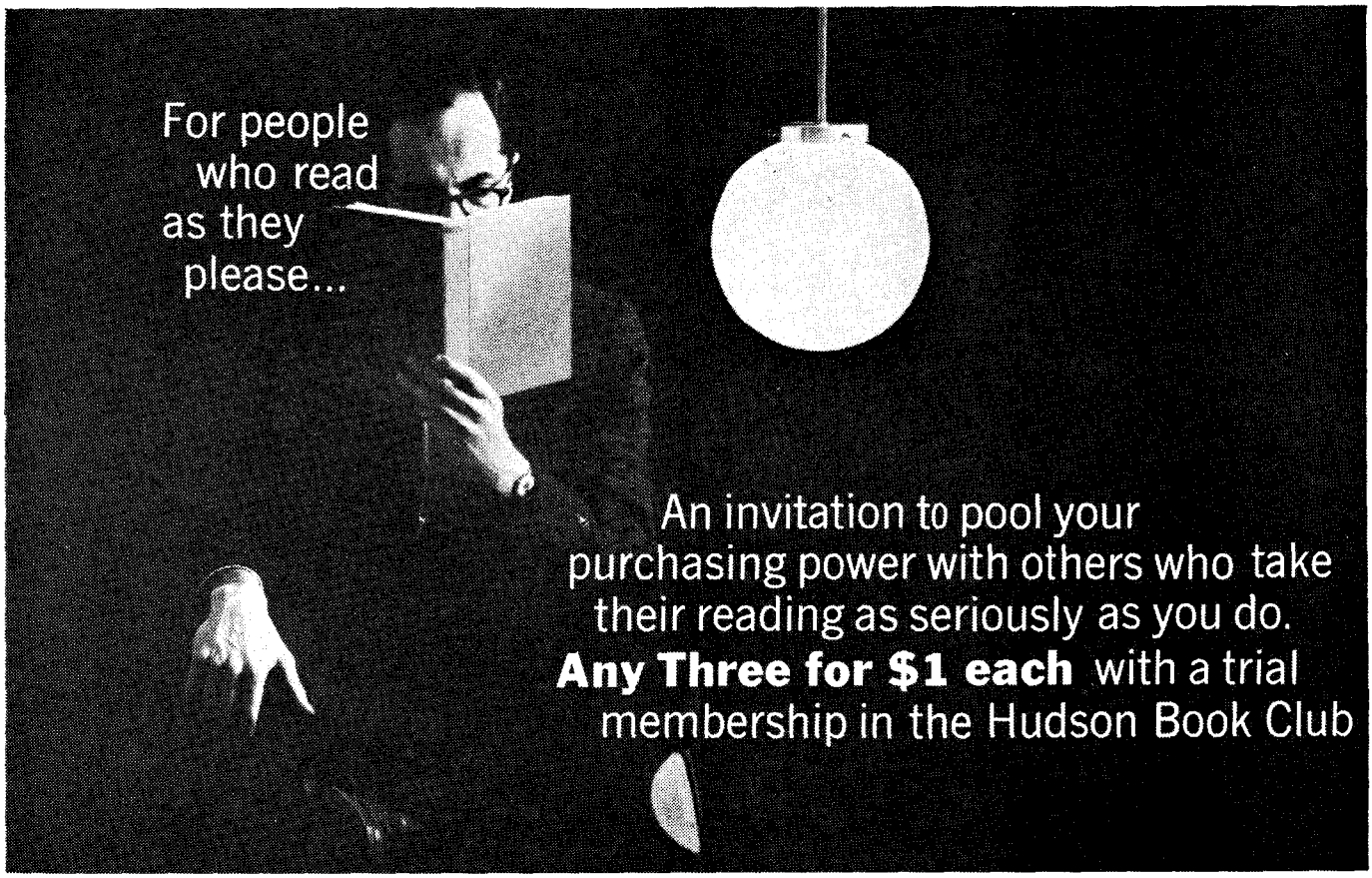
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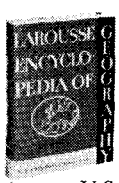

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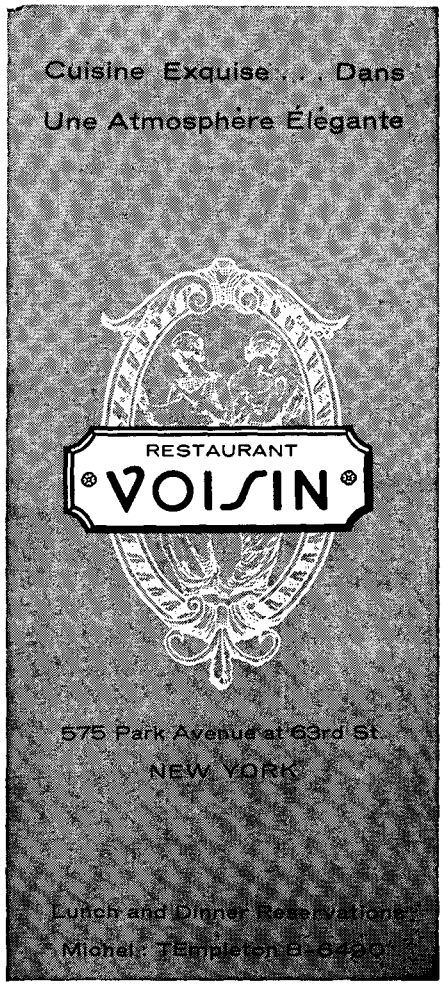

derdeveloped state. Perhaps unfortunately, the concerted, sustained effort on the part of all of us to bring assistance to the people of Mississippi cannot be justified by a Communist threat there. According to the latest report published on the number of Communists in the various states of the Union, Mississippi had the singular distinction of having 1 (one). The number 1 is also the figure for the percentage of the improvement in the rate of registration of Negroes in the South as a whole in the last six years. Mississippi can well do without the distinction of the lone Communist, but there must be a steady improvement in the rate of registration of Negroes if the state is going to acquire a better set of politicians than those who are misruling it now.

—M.A.

The Congressional Record

A few weeks ago, the President remarked that the Eighty-seventh Congress was "something like Lazarus." But the burst of legislative activity during the final days of the session ("... it has revived, it's moving ...," Mr. Kennedy was moved to declare) is only part of the long and less than miraculous record.

Those of doctrinaire persuasions have no trouble passing judgment on the Eighty-seventh. On the one extreme, they point out that this was the Congress which passed the duPont "tax relief" bill and the American Tel. & Tel. "communications satellite" bill—as if the corporate labels alone were proof of subservience to great wealth. Other extremists lament that the passage of the trade-expansion bill has stripped the remaining vestiges of protection from the nation's free-enterprise economy.

On these and a number of other measures, the Congress performed fairly energetically to meet administration requests. The defense build-up, space appropriations, the Peace Corps, the omnibus Housing Act, manpower retraining, public works for depressed areas, increased minimum wage, the first installment of tax reform, drug regulation—these have been worthy accomplishments even though largely composed of revising and extending what has gone before.

But the principal new items of the Kennedy program got nowhere. Medicare, Federal aid to lower and higher education, a Department of Urban Affairs, a farm program with controls as well as bounties—each suffered humiliating defeat. Other "key" requests for legislation—stand-by tax-cut authority, transportation and mass-transit legislation, recreation and wilderness bills—were not even given much serious consideration.

If the President hasn't been successful in getting what he wanted, he has at least been fairly fortunate in not getting what he didn't want. There were only a few vetoes, and even they were on private bills, such as "S.521—To relieve Charles G. Utterback by giving him $262 . . ."

It was a Congress commendably lacking in first-rate demagogues. The bumper crop that entered the Senate after the Second World War has withered, and so far no promising new ones have appeared. Still there were symptoms of rising rancor which could be ominous. The fusty feud between the two Appropriations Committees was at least temporarily resolved. But a prospective War of the Houses may well erupt if the administration persists, as in the case of foreign aid, in relying on the Senate to rescue it from its misfortunes in the House. The last-minute rejection of aid to higher education, after it had been resoundingly approved by both Chambers, points to a breakdown of the system of conciliation and compromise that has always been the genius of Congress.

Partisanship played a mounting role, especially in the House, where Minority Leader Charles Halleck seldom lost an opportunity to scuttle a measure when Republican votes would provide the decisive margin. But not all the shortcomings can be laid to partisanship. The "reform" of the House Rules Committee at the outset of the first session through the addition of two majority members proved woefully inadequate to break the stalemate imposed by the Southern Democrats. Measures of urgent welfare concern —the temporary extension of com-

(*Continued on Page 26*)

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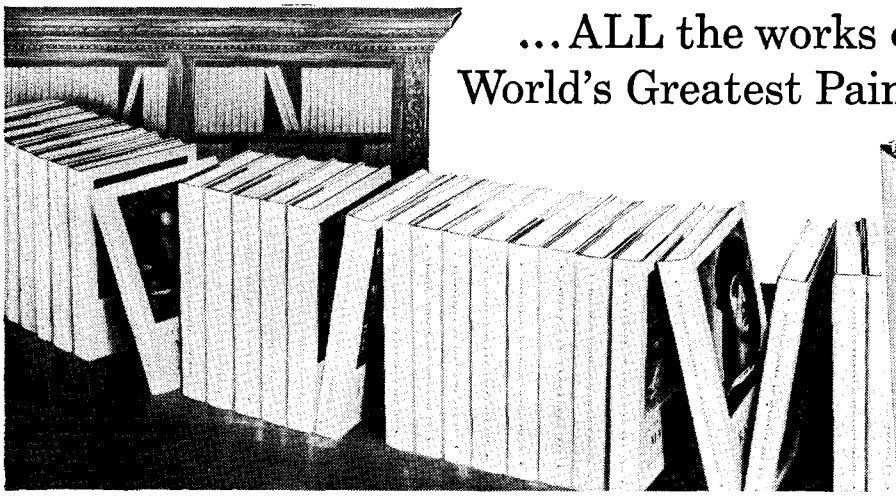

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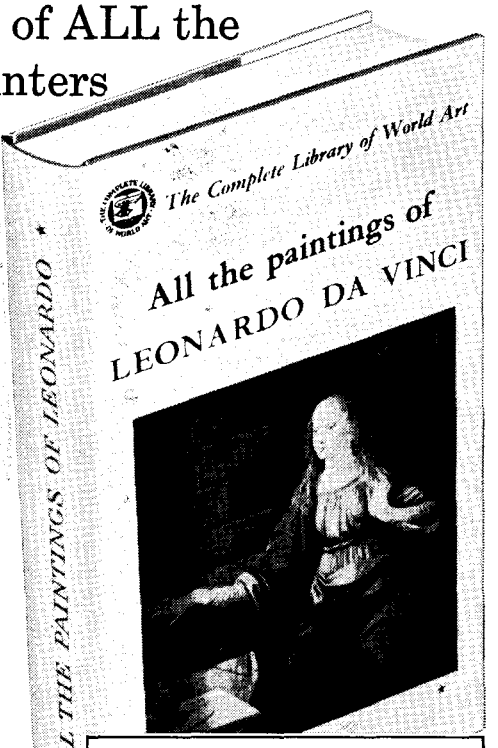

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SATURDAY REVIEW

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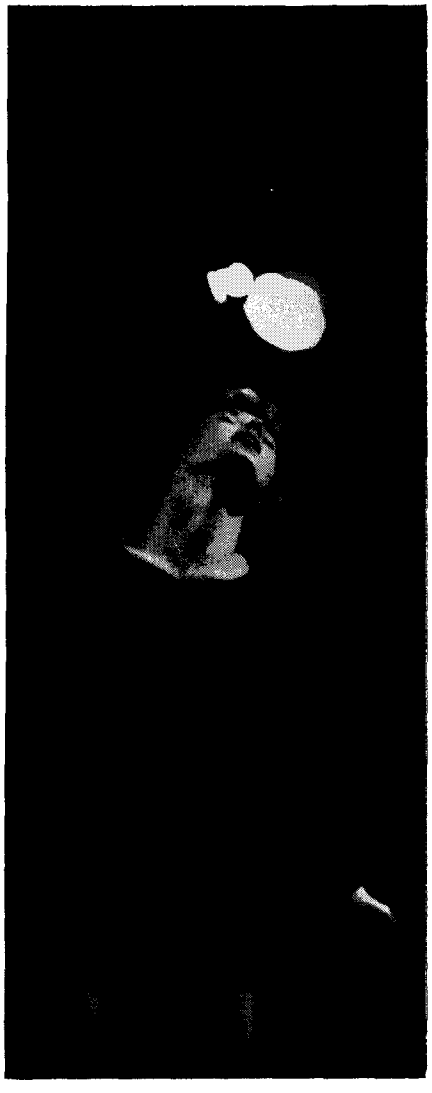

Jeanne d'Arc: The Trial," an original television drama by three Chicago housewives, presented on "Repertoire Theatre," WBBM-TV's prime-time workshop series devoted to original dramas, classics, music, pantomime.

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"*The Wasted Years*," a specially filmed on-the-spot report revealing the hopeless monotony of prison life and chances of regeneration at Statesville penitentiary, a powerful documentary-editorial broadcast during peak viewing hours.

"*Battle for Asia: South Vietnam*," first of a three-part on-location documentary prepared by Television 2's Foreign Editor Carter Davidson, analyzing the government, people and problems of an embattled nation ...a WBBM-TV News Department "special," seen in prime time.

"*Music for a City*," Dr. Dieter Kober conducting the Chicago Chamber Orchestra, in an evening-hour concert devoted to chamber works by Mozart, Telemann and Heiden, originating in the studios of WBBM-TV.

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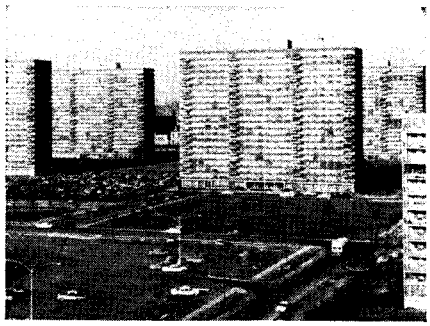

"*The Changing Face of the City*," an hour-long review of the architectural achievements of Chicago's current building boom, and their effects on the city's people. Aired in prime time, as part of Television 2's continuing "I See Chicago" series.

"*Special Report: Africa*," newsman Frank Reynolds' two-part study of the political, economic and social tensions engulfing newly independent nations, highlighted by exclusive interviews and filmed footage gathered during a 3-week tour of Africa, broadcast in prime time.

"*The Mikado*," Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta classic performed by the students of Evanston (Ill.) Township High School...and broadcast in its entirety in 90 minutes of prime evening time on WBBM-TV.

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pensation to the chronically unemployed, and reform of migrant farm labor conditions—were stifled by the callous hierarchs of the Rules and the Ways and Means Committees.

All in all, it was a Congress calling for qualified phrases. We are afraid we cannot go along with the enthusiasm the President claimed to feel when he made his first campaign speech at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: "No Congress in recent years has made a record of progress and compassion to match this . . ."

Poll Watching

Well, the radio announcer informed us the other evening, here we were again in Curtis headquarters where the results from Pittsfield were just coming in. It was one of those hour-long, scene-to-scene political reports, and no sooner had we got the poop on Pittsfield than we were off to McCormack headquarters. There was a rumor that the candidate was on his way down. Now, said the voice, we were in Syracuse. But he didn't have to tell us where we were. "Boooo!," we heard; "Siidddoowwnn!, Boooo!, Aww Shaadddduupp!" We'd know New York's Democrats anywhere.

We will not address ourselves to the obvious questions of how it was possible that the Democratic state nominating convention at Syracuse was more of a public shambles than the legendary Buffalo affair of 1958, which enriched political jargon with that now-familiar phrase, "the image of bossism." Nor will we consider all the bleak reasons why, only a year after the defeat of Carmine G. De Sapio, the cries of "bossism" from wounded reformers and non-reformers are at least as loud as before. To be sure, the nomination of former U.S. attorney Robert M. Morgenthau for governor was one of those not-so-mysterious miracles of political life—a meeting in Washington, a sudden flurry of rumor and publicity, unaccountable declarations of allegiance to an unannounced and little-known candidate from a number of upstate county leaders. It was, we suppose, "bossism," all right, but our theory is that until New York's protesting Democrats have learned to distinguish between bossism and leadership and to accept the latter, they are going to end up being bossed.

To us the most interesting question raised by Mr. Morgenthau's nomination was the part played in it by Louis A. Harris & Associates, Inc., and, by extension, the role of the scientific pollster these days as (in some ways) boss. The events in Syracuse were surely affected by copious newspaper references to the results of a Harris poll showing that Mr. Morgenthau could get forty-nine percent of the vote against Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller while Representative Samuel Stratton, for example, could garner only thirty-eight per cent. ". . . private public opinion polls have featured prominently in the preconvention campaign," Stratton wired the American Association for Public Opinion Research; ". . . urge your association in the interest of the integrity of your profession to investigate the scientific accuracy of all such polls and to ascertain that they were conducted in accordance with the highest standards of your profession." So far, very little is known by the public about how the Harris poll was conducted.

Politicians, of course, have been trying to wield influence by means of the poll or the alleged poll for many years. Harold Stassen had his polls on Richard Nixon; Carmine De Sapio had the results of his post-card surveys; and before there were polls there were whispers—"Taft can't win." As polling, now known as research, has become more scientific and as its results have come to be considered more reliable, the profession itself has sought to impose a code of political ethics on its members. "This business goes beyond Mr. Clean," one member of the profession who prefers to remain anonymous told us the other day. "It's not just a matter of telling someone whether he ought to eat a blintz in public. We have to consider how we get our material, whether it *is* scientific, how we use it once it is produced. And what is its proper use. I think the profession will suffer if we attempt to *influence* public opinion for political power."

The Code of Professional Ethics and Practices of the American Association for Public Opinion Research makes some of the same points. "We shall not select research tools and methods of analysis because of their special capacity to yield a desired conclusion," it reads in part. And again, "We shall describe our findings and methods accurately and in appropriate detail in all research reports." But what obligation has a politician employing a private poll-taker to follow the professional code of ethics? And how can the poll-taker be held accountable so long as the abbreviated material appears without explanation in the press? Harris & Associates has declined to elaborate on its survey. As one aggrieved Stratton campaigner put it to us, "How do we know what the questions were? Did they tout Morgenthau in the text of the question and explain who he was and then say, 'And what about this fellow Stratton?' They only will say they asked a reasonable cross-section of people. But who did they ask? Our polls were different."

Technology and what is loosely known as progress have changed the style and methods of politics, but people, bless their souls, never change. Nor does the need for them: the political machines of the future may all be electronic computers, but apparently old-fashioned poll watchers will be needed to keep an eye on the newfangled polls.

KINZUA DAM

"Seneca Ceremony Mourns Land Taken by U.S. Despite Treaty."
—New York Times

Land, my land!
I will go up to the mountains
And there I will watch the waters
Thundering over my valleys
And there will I lament them;
Crying,
O my land!
What is my life to me, now you are departed?

Home, my home!
Promised to us forever,
Sworn in the white man's treaty
Always to be our dwelling;
Now,
O my land,
A Lake of Perfidy. I weep for my betrayers.

—SEC

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Our Economy: Mixed and Mixed-Up

A. H. RASKIN

THE Belock Instrument Corporation, a Long Island designer and manufacturer of precision equipment, is about to float a million-dollar stock issue through a Wall Street brokerage house. This sounds like a routine enough expression of the entrepreneurial spirit. What makes the Belock operation unusual is that the impetus to raise new capital comes primarily from government rather than from management.

The company is one of thousands that derive the bulk of their income from defense orders. It has been working on a research contract for missile components, and costs have run far beyond anticipations. Belock took its financial troubles to its customer, Uncle Sam. Adjustment boards appointed by the Army and Navy decided that the company ought to get more money than its contract called for. They awarded nearly a million dollars in extra compensation, but on condition that the company raise another million dollars in new money so that it would have enough working capital to continue its missile work. In effect, Belock was told that every dollar it obtained through its sale of new securities would bring it a matching dollar out of the Federal treasury. Under these circumstances, one might say that the Federal government qualifies as underwriter of the projected stock issue in a more fundamental sense than the sponsoring broker.

Three Giants

The scrambled lines of demarcation between private and public enterprise at Belock provide a fresh reminder that in our increasingly mixed economy traditional relationships and responsibilities are becoming blurred, and that it will inevitably become a badly mixed-up economy unless new instruments of co-operation are created that will give expression to the changing roles of government, the employers, and unions.

Government, swollen by the revolution in technology, the exigencies of defense, and the trade complications born of world-wide industrialization, becomes even more deeply involved in every phase of the economy. Management and labor are concentrating power in huge national organizations, with big government as a major client for their services. These changes have shaken the doctrine that the countervailing powers of management and labor would suffice to limit the government's role in our economy. Shaken too is the certainty that reliance on tens of thousands of privately made decisions, formulated primarily on considerations of corporate or union advantage, would automatically add up to the *summum bonum* for our industrial society.

Government is doing more and more of the things we used to do for ourselves—not merely as regulator, almoner, and cushioner of the economy but as operator, financier, and purchaser. Its buying of goods and services at the Federal, state, and local levels is running at an annual rate of $116 billion, or substantially more than one-fifth of our gross national product. This causes conservatives to worry about "creeping socialism." Yet by some standards American capitalism would seem to be flourishing as never before: some seventeen million private citizens are shareholders in private corporations, and the New York Stock Exchange boasts of a new high in "people's capitalism."

It is clear, however, that the ownership of stock is not always the same as the power to make decisions. Management, increasingly divorced from direct owership control, is ambivalent about whether it is a profession with special obligations to advance the public interest or a business that can best advance the public interest by making the biggest possible profits. Moreover, the concentration of private economic power has been accelerated, rather than retarded, by the expansion of government in two decades of war and readiness for war. The country's two hundred biggest manufacturers increased their share of the dollar value of production from thirty per cent of the national total in 1947 to thirty-eight per cent in 1958. Mergers and the spreading of corporate giants into diversified fields make it certain that current figures would show an even higher ratio.

ORGANIZED LABOR, too, has grown in wealth and power—so much so that many industrialists want unions made subject to anti-trust restraints in the same manner as business monopolies. Yet the feeling is strong in union ranks that automation and lessened public sympathy for union practices have weakened labor's bargaining power in many of the very fields where unions are often said to be most powerful.

The result of these contradictory estimates of the relative leverage of management and labor is that each tends to turn to government for aid and comfort whenever it has reason to believe the White House will intervene on its side.

Apart from purely economic fac-

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tors, science is erasing the boundaries between government and private endeavor as irresistibly as it is extending the horizons of human accomplishment. The money we spend on research and development is the key to the speed of our economic growth, and the great bulk of that money is coming from tax funds. Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, President Kennedy's chief science adviser, told a House Military Operations subcommittee that the government will spend more to finance research and development this year than it did during the 175 years after the start of the American Revolution. The Federal research bill of $12.3 billion for fiscal 1963 is ten times the sum the government paid for fiscal 1950. It will represent two dollars of Federal spending for every dollar put into research by private industry, universities, foundations, and other nonprofit institutions. Relatively little of the research will be done in the government's own laboratories. Most of it will be farmed out under contract to private laboratories, many of them attached to large corporations, further mixing the public-private partnership that is spreading throughout the economy.

Dr. Wiesner's testimony about how much the government already is investing in the care and feeding of the private economy and in enhancing its potential growth attracted monumental public inattention at the height of the hubbub over the administration's bill to set up a private corporation to own and operate the United States portion of the communications satellite system. If anybody had been listening to Dr. Wiesner, the space communications debate might have become something more than a sterile carry-over into the space age of the arguments that raged seventy years ago when the Populists crusaded for government ownership of the original telephone and telegraph systems.

Anguished filibusters by those who are all-out for public ownership against those who are all-out for private enterprise will not help us understand or come to terms with what is perhaps the most important fact about our economy: in its most significant forms of development, that economy is going to be neither all private nor all public, but a blend of the two. It is already clear that this new complexity demands new methods of reaching economic decisions.

Ideology Aside

In the absence of effective instruments of co-operation, we see how inconsistencies, irrelevancies, and sometimes outright idiocies characterize much of the relationship between the official government in Washington and the private governments of management and labor. Numerous case histories can be cited to illustrate the confusion.

A good example is the jockeying in Congress this year over a project to convert an Atomic Energy Commission plutonium-producing reactor at Hanford, Washington, into the world's largest atomic power plant. The project was designed to use the steam that now goes to waste in the conversion of uranium into plutonium for nuclear weapons. Sixteen public-utility districts in the Northwest, hard pressed to meet the region's expanding energy requirements, offered to float a $130-million bond issue to build the generating facilities without cost to the AEC. The electricity would be turned over to the government-owned Bonneville Power Administration for distribution, with an understanding that up to fifty per cent of the current would be made available to private utilities.

The venture ran into opposition from lobbies representing utility companies in other sections of the

country, which have no love for any extension of public power—even when private utilities share in the benefits. Also opposed were the spokesmen on Capitol Hill for the coal industry and the United Mine Workers, who are linked in undying hostility to any substitution of atomic energy for coal in generating electricity, now coal's most dependable market.

The White House backed the project, and the Senate, finding in it no threat to the free-enterprise system, approved it by overwhelming vote after it had suffered an initial rejection in the House. This did nothing to abate resistance in the House, where the adverse vote was even bigger the second time around. The House even went so far as to vote down a smaller generator intended solely to provide electricity for the AEC's own use at Hanford. When it appeared certain that the project and the financial return it promised for the government would evaporate like the unused steam, a Senate-House conference committee engineered an ingenious "compromise" through both Chambers. One section prohibited the AEC from entering into an arrangement for the construction of a generator, thus appeasing the House champions of private enterprise. Another section, in effect, repealed the ban by listing certain conditions under which a generator could be built: they happened to be almost precisely the conditions set forth by the original Bonneville offer.

By way of demonstrating that there was nothing ideological about the support the labor-management alliance in coal gave the electric companies in their effort to block the spread of public power in the Northwest, the coal interests were simultaneously taking an astonishing new step in technology to supply fuel to the granddaddy of public power in the East, the Tennessee Valley Authority. The Peabody Coal Company, a major unionized producer, installed a giant stripping machine, taller than a twenty-story building and capable of uncovering fourteen thousand tons of coal a day, to dig for a TVA power plant at Paradise, Kentucky. A single operator in an air-conditioned cab five stories above the ground controls the mammoth scoop as it gobbles up each day as much coal as that produced by a thousand union members in America's mechanized deep mines.

The drastic shrinkage such tech-

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nological changes have caused in the membership of the United Mine Workers provides a somber example for other unions of the inroads that automation may make in their job opportunities and strength at the bargaining table. This union fear is matched by an equally strong management conviction that any opposition to the new labor-saving technology will make it harder for American industry in the ever more competitive international markets.

Given the importance of the issue for the nation as a whole, it is not surprising that government increasingly finds itself entangled in thorny collective-bargaining problems arising from the conflict between industry's desire for maximum efficiency and labor's concern for job security. One striking example of the ramifications technological change brings into the interplay of government, unions, and employers was Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg's last big assignment before he was named to the Supreme Court—the bitter battle between the flight engineers and the airline pilots over control of the third ("featherbird") seat in the cockpit of jet planes. The dispute entailed the designation of a special Presidential fact-finding commission, followed by a parade of special mediators and Presidential emergency boards when the initial panel's report failed to produce an accord. The problem was to cut the cockpit crew down from four men to three—a problem that would not have existed if American Airlines had not decided the best way to avoid a strike in 1958 was to put a useless extra man on the flight deck. Neither the pilots nor the engineers argued that the fourth man was necessary. The question was whether the man to go would be the third pilot or the lone engineer.

The carriers clamored for government action to settle the row without a new paralysis of air travel. Goldberg found himself embroiled in interunion and intraunion politics in ways never essayed by his less bold predecessors as he sought to win the agreement of both unions to a formula that would mean the ultimate disappearance of the flight engineers' union but would preserve the job rights of most of its members. President George Meany of the AFL-CIO shattered labor precedent by accepting appointment as a Presidential arbitrator to rule on what was essentially a jurisdictional dispute between two of his own affiliates.

All these exertions proved insufficient to keep the engineers from walking out on Eastern Air Lines.

The company had been one of the strong early advocates of government intervention and quickly made plain its readiness to go along with the Goldberg peace formula. But by the time the engineers got around to accepting the plan, Eastern had discovered that it could operate without them. Its enthusiasm for further government action evaporated, and it got most of its planes back into the air with deserters from the flight engineers' group or with replacements supplied by the pilots. The company's sudden desire to reject the government's peacemaking efforts presented a somewhat ticklish problem, since Eastern was applying at the same time for Federal approval of a projected merger with American and also for a $23-million subsidy to offset its own operating losses before and during the strike—another facet of the complexities of government, management, and labor relationships.

Are Strikes Obsolete?

Automation and surplus capacity are limiting labor's ability to force management capitulation in many sections of the economy. Utility strikes, once feared as the ultimate in community peril, now occasion only minor concern because the supplying of electricity and gas is so automatic that the supervisory force can handle all normal demand with little strain. Telephone strikes are already in much the same category, and will become even more so as dial service becomes universal. The utility unions' restricted economic leverage helps account for the blend of moderation and diffidence they generally show in relations with their employers. This manifests itself not only in collective bargaining but also in their support for higher utility rates (to permit higher wages) and in endorsement of legislation the companies favor. For example, the unions in the electric and gas companies regularly record themselves against expansion of public power projects, even though the orthodox labor position is strongly in favor.

In the aerospace industry, the deterrents against going out on strike are different but just as compelling as they are in the utility field. The two principal unions in the making of missiles, planes, and spacecraft—the United Auto Workers and the International Association of Machinists—have plenty of power to shut down the industry. Their trouble is that they cannot do it without impairing national security and thus forfeiting public sympathy in a period of institutionalized world crisis.

This is one of the industries in which the dividing line between public and private enterprise is at its fuzziest. The aerospace companies come so close to total dependence on government orders that the unions call the entire industry a "government enterprise run for private profit." Government officials specify the character, volume, and priority of the product; they monitor prime

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and subcontracts; their influence is pervasive from blueprint to launching pad. When labor costs go up more than productivity, the Federal government is the customer who must pay the higher bill. When labor trouble halts production, it is the government's orders that are not filled on time. Because all these considerations restrain labor in calling strikes, the unions have made no secret of their belief that the government has a duty to assume a much more assertive role in the bargaining process. The companies, well pleased with the present balance, want a hands-off policy from government.

In July, when all the manufacturers except Douglas balked at signing agency-shop contracts under which all workers who did not become union members would have to pay the equivalent of union dues, Walter Reuther of the UAW took time out from international labor conferences in Europe to fly to Washington for secret talks with administration officials. The upshot was the creation of a special three-man Presidential panel to seek a settlement during a sixty-day strike truce. Through this device the unions avoided a national emergency injunction under the Taft-Hartley Act. They also bought time in a strike situation that threatened to wind up as painfully for them as the Eastern Air Lines strike has for the flight engineers—not because the aerospace workers could be replaced as easily but because the more they tied up the industry, the more danger there was of alienating the public and inviting repressive legislation. If this seemed a potent consideration in July, it was made much more so, as the strike truce ticked toward its final hours, by the aggravation of military tensions in Cuba and Berlin.

Ten days before the deadline, the Kennedy panel recommended pay increases in accordance with the White House productivity guidelines. More important in the union scale of priorities, a full union shop was to be installed if two-thirds of the workers approved. The unions lost no time in saying "Yes," but the companies held out against the union shop. At this point the President took the unions off the spot and put the employers on. He gave his full endorsement to the panel's report and told the country that if the companies rejected it, their responsibility for any strike would be "very clear." This amounted to converting the recommendations into a compulsory arbitration award, backed up by the full prestige of the Presidency, in an industry in which the government supplies upward of eighty-five per cent of the business.

'He Don't Own Us'

Government-directed arbitration is emerging increasingly as an administration answer to labor problems involving the public interest. The President has explicitly proposed it in a dispute that may be even more important as a pattern setter than the conflict in the defense industry. And both sides have accepted his proposal for letting an outsider make a final and binding decision after the recommendations of a Presidential emergency board under the Railway Labor Act had failed to prevent a strike of telegraphers on the Chicago & North Western, a carrier of strategic importance to the economies of nine farm states. What made the President's move of particular significance was that the Chicago & North Western strike involved issues of excess manpower similar to those that have created the long battle over featherbedding between all the country's major railroads and the five unions representing their train crews.

The magnitude and duration of this larger railroad conflict make its outcome pivotal for all major industries and unions and for the public's stake in orderly adjustment to a changing technology. The rail unions have refused to go along with the manpower savings and rules changes proposed by a special Presidential supercommission that spent more than a year trying to make sense out of the archaic work practices the railroads have carried over from the era of the Iron Horse. The carriers, which have for years been asking the White House for aid in their campaign to eliminate manpower waste, want to put the recommendations into effect right away. But they have not gotten approval from either the President or the Federal courts. The plan now is to appoint a new Presidential board to cover the same ground all over again, but this time with whatever slight additional standing it may derive from a formal designation under the creaky processes of the Railway Labor Act. The final decisions probably will not come much before the end of the year, but it seems certain they will repeat the original panel's call for abolition of many rail jobs. The unions then will have to decide whether to accept the safeguards and severance arrangements the Kennedy board recommends or to risk a paralyzing strike that would almost surely provoke drastic anti-strike laws.

Either outcome will move labor generally toward increased dependence on government in dealing with the human problems inherent in automation and other forms of change. These problems are vast indeed, and it would seem that the eventual question will not be when government should move in but whether its inevitable involvement can avoid placing drastic limits on independent choice in labor-management affairs.

This is a particularly vexing question for a labor movement that stresses its independence of government as the principal distinction between U.S. labor and the more ideological labor movements of most of the rest of the world. The connection between politics and economics is difficult to ignore, and labor's insistence on maintaining at least the appearance of independence sometimes calls for gingerly footwork.

When George Meany was called to testify on the desirability of a tax cut at a closed hearing of the House Ways and Means Committee in August, he was already aware that the President intended to defer a general cut until next year. This did not shake Meany's conviction that an immediate cut was needed to guard against recession and put the jobless back to work. The problem was how to say this and keep it from sounding like a declaration of no confidence

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in the President, whom Meany still admires enormously.

Knowing that anything said at a "closed hearing" on Capitol Hill might just as well be broadcast on a national network, the union chief decided to go to the White House and get the President's advice on how the AFL-CIO testimony could be presented without injuring the Kennedy cause. They had little trouble agreeing that the least harmful way would be a frank acknowledgment that the Federation believed the economy needed the stimulation of a quick tax cut, even if the President did not. In reporting the conversation to his Executive Council at its midsummer meeting in Chicago, Meany said: "In all the years I have been in Washington, I have never known better relations with the White House or the Labor Department. But that doesn't mean we always agree. We don't own the President of the United States, and he don't own us."

An Economic High Command?

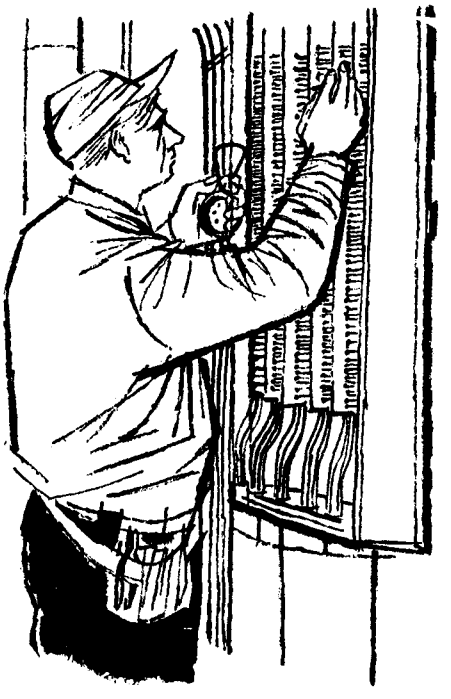
The generation-long vigil of a cold war, the complexities of automation, the emergence of resourceful trade competitors in the Common Market and Japan, the government's increasing penetration of the economy through services, subsidies, and the financing of research—all these factors combine to create a need for more effective instruments of three-way communication and co-operation. The alternative is intensified cold war between industry and government, with labor fighting an enfeebled rear-guard action against progress.

There is nothing novel about the idea that we ought to have better machinery for tripartite action. Indeed, we have had so many fumbling efforts to create such institutions that many will wonder whether there is any use trying again. Top-level conferences called by Woodrow Wilson in 1919 and by Harry Truman in 1945 got nowhere in efforts to seek "a broad and permanent foundation for industrial peace and progress." President Eisenhower acted on a suggestion from Meany that he explore the possibility of another such conference, but the planning committees designated by management and labor could never get beyond a sterile exchange of shiboleths on the union shop and other ancient points of difference.

The Kennedy administration has been more imaginative than its predecessors in creating tripartite machinery, but the lack of statutory foundation and of clear concepts about what was to be done have hampered recent experiments along these lines. The multiplicity of special commissions and boards to deal with such specific problems as the flight engineers' strike threats or the prospect of a major battle on the railroads brings such an element of improvisation into the handling of labor disputes that neither side is ever certain what settlement formula represents the White House's last word. The "public interest" becomes an elastic yardstick, confusing to the principals and unintelligible to the public.

The greatest need in any case is for instruments that go beyond merely averting strikes to permit the effective pooling and use of ideas on how the economy can move forward most rapidly, most harmoniously, and with minimum restrictions on independent decision making. The most promising device for such an interchange is the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy. Thus far, though, it has failed to produce much more than platitudinous declarations of principle.

A more fundamental approach to the overhauling of our economic institutions has been proposed by Dr. Arthur F. Burns, who was President Eisenhower's chief economic adviser and who now serves on the Kennedy labor-management panel. He believes that the complexity of current economic problems makes desirable the appointment of an economic general staff endowed with authority and prestige comparable to that exercised in defense matters by the National Security Council.



Dr. Burns, a scholar of impressive attainments in both governmental and academic affairs, would include so many of the President's ranking associates on his suggested Economic Policy Board that it might prove as unwieldy as the Cabinet—a body Mr. Kennedy seems to find thoroughly dispensable. His disposition is to consult specific department heads whenever he wants their personal advice. Given the infrequency with which he calls formal meetings of either the Cabinet or the National Security Council, it is difficult to imagine him calling the ten men—from Vice-President Johnson through the heads of the Federal Reserve Board, the Bureau of the Budget, and the Council of Economic Advisers—whose guidance Dr. Burns believes he might usefully seek.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION, however, is not the precise form of the new agency but the extent to which it could provide sustained direction for our economic policy. We still tend to look askance at any suggestion that national planning would help our economy. Yet since the passage of the Employment Act of 1946, government has been charged with an obligation to foster maximum employment, production, and purchasing power. The present administration, although deeply committed to the act's basic tenets, seems either unwilling or unable to face the sweeping implications of that commitment. There has been too much improvisation and indecision on issues ranging from tax cuts to the organization of our economic resources.

A new economic high command, with carefully defined duties and limitations, may be exactly what Mr. Kennedy needs to attain that goal he used to mention so often—getting America moving ahead again.

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Who Checks the Congressional Expense Account?

DOUGLASS CATER

MORE THAN passing interest was roused in Congress by Drew Pearson's description in early September of the latest European travels of Representative Adam Clayton Powell (D., New York). Pearson had got hold of a State Department cable instructing its embassies to prepare for the arrival of Powell and two female assistants, one of whom had once been runner-up in the Miss Universe contest. The cable contained a rather precise detailing of what the party wished to see and do, none of it having apparent legislative purpose. Arrangements were requested for theater tickets in London ("best shows playing except Broadway plays"), a night club in Paris ("first show dinner and best table Lido"), the film festival in Venice, an auto trip to Delphi, and a cruise around the Greek islands. The party was to draw on 19FT561 funds—foreign currency held by the Treasury to be available for Congressional travel. The travelers departed in early August, just when Powell, as chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor, should have been concerned about the fate of the higher-education bill then stalled in a House-Senate conference.

Not all the ensuing blame in Congress was laid at Powell's feet. Privately, one senator, speculating about how Pearson happened to obtain the damning document, claimed that the exposé was part of the not so subtle psychological warfare that goes on between two branches of the government. He was convinced that the State Department sets out to trap legislators in the use of the 19FT561 funds. "If they catch a member kicking up his heels, it gives them a hold over him," he said sourly.

State Department officials deny that they have either control or responsibility in these matters. The statutes governing 19FT561 funds, a Deputy Assistant Secretary argued, allow no discretion to the Executive Branch. "We interpret our function to make the junket life of the congressman happier," he declared.

It is possible that the adventures of Powell, not a popular figure on Capitol Hill, may lead to a renewed effort in Congress to tidy up its affairs. A spokesman for the House Committee on Administration, which provides spending money for the other committees, raised the question with reporters as to whether the congressman would get reimbursement for any dollars he spent, since the "legislative purpose" of his trip was in doubt. When, soon after this fracas, it came to light that Powell had been hiring a number of consultants on contract who had little to do with education or labor matters, Administration Committee Chairman Omar Burleson (D., Texas) indicated publicly that he meant to go into the matter. If he does, it can hardly stop with Powell.

Some Little Secrets

Undoubtedly, much hypocrisy passes for high-mindedness among those who criticize the way Congress handles its business affairs. When compared with many businessmen, the average congressman has always been fairly restrained in rewarding himself. Only after many furtive glances toward his constituents did he finally raise his salary in 1955 to the respectable sum of $22,500. Still, the representative obliged to run every two years in a tightly contested district finds this inadequate. Funds for Congressional staffing have been increased in recent years, but many committees are notoriously shorthanded. A number of senators and representatives pay for extra help beyond that provided in their Congressional budgets. To do their jobs and cultivate their constituencies, not a few rely on outside financial resources—their own or others'.

Matched against the perquisites of members of the Executive Branch, those of the ordinary congressman are not impressive. In their travels about Washington, even the powerful committee chairmen have no car pools to draw on, much less the individual limousines allocated to most subcabinet officers. (There was an outcry in the Senate recently when it was learned that in addition to five cars provided Senate leaders, an additional six go to key staff employees.)

Compared to the suites of ranking bureaucrats in the Executive Branch, the congressman's office quarters are terribly cramped, his furnishings ornate but shabby. Not until 1959, when the new Senate Office Building was built, could a Senator expand the office space for himself and his staff from three to five rooms. House members will move from two rooms to three upon completion of the Sam Rayburn House Office Building in 1964. Meanwhile, top legislative aides work in crowded passageways and dark basements that any self-respecting member of the Executive Branch would disdain.

Even the publicized travels of congressmen have been subject to misrepresentation. Not all that is labeled junketing is devoid of legislative benefit. Travel can be broadening, even for congressmen. Their great migration abroad since the Second World War has been at least partially in response to a genuine need to get some understanding of the world in which the United States has taken on such broad and costly responsibilities.

STILL, a probe of Powell's extravagances, if vigorously pursued, could have far-reaching consequences, for he is by no means alone in using Congressional prerogative rather lightheartedly. The main trouble is that members get their allowances with only the loosest requirement for accounting. Committee chairmen, along with their ranking minority members, appear before the House Administration or Senate Rules Committee, meeting *in cam-*

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era, to set forth their demands on the "contingency fund" that finances their various inquiries. These proceedings are not printed, one committee member explained, because it would be "a waste of money."

Budgets for operating costs of the House and Senate pass through their respective Appropriations subcommittees without the suspicious scrutiny accorded those from the Executive Branch. They pass even more quickly through Congress itself. Neither Chamber questions the other's spending. The Bureau of the Budget, a staff agency for the President, accepts the figures from Congress without even checking them. The General Accounting Office, which works for the Legislative Branch, does not have the same tight audit controls over Congressional spending that it does over the Executive. There is little to serve as restraint on sloppy practices.

The absence of adequate accounting is aggravated by what appears to be a congenital tendency in Congress to conduct its business in devious ways. Until recently, the Congressional payroll was kept a deeply guarded secret. As a device for hiding rising costs even from themselves, members still compensate their assistants according to the "base-rate" schedule of a bygone era. A series of mathematical computations is necessary to calculate the various additions to base pay that constitute an employee's actual salary. A secretary put on a congressman's budget at $4,000 actually draws $8,806.51.

The members keep even bigger secrets from themselves. The House of Representatives designated a three-member commission to carry out the construction of the Sam Rayburn House Office Building. From the outset, the commission maintained tight-lipped security about its intended size and cost. Repeated inquiries directed by the more frugal-minded congressmen to the Capitol architect brought denials of any plan for a swimming pool. Not long ago, the news that the building would indeed contain a sizable pool came as a surprise even to senior members of the House Appropriations Committee.

Such secretiveness inevitably tends to foster suspicions. The new Senate Office Building evoked legendary tales about walls being put up and knocked down, subway tunnels dug and redug, and delay following delay. Already, the Sam Rayburn Building has become involved in similar legend. By the latest estimate, it will cost more than $80 million with furnishings, a sum that has horrified many congressmen.

No Questions Asked

But nothing in loose housekeeping quite compares with the way Congress handles the 19FT561 "foreign currency" funds upon which Congressman Powell drew so blatantly. A committee member, bearing only the mandate of his chairman, may call at a U.S. embassy and demand whatever amount he wishes. The money is handed over in an envelope, no questions asked. The congressman's signed chit is the only accounting the State Departments gets. This is zealously guarded from the press and even from inquiring members of Congress like Senator John Williams of Delaware who would like to reform the system. The total of these foreign currencies drawn by Congress—last year it amounted to $309,000—is listed in the U.S. Budget document under the heading "Functions Under Sec. 502 (b) of Public Law 665 (total obligations) (object class 21)." No one ever checks to determine if the accounts submitted to the House and Senate housekeeping committees correspond with this total. In the House of Representatives, one clerk has the part-time job of collecting and collating the vouchers.

This practice started back in the days of the Marshall Plan when so-called "counterpart funds," required to be set aside by the recipient countries in their own currencies to match U.S. grants, were piling up in great quantity. No one had a very clear idea what to do with the portion reserved for U.S. government usage. Some of the money was used for such worthwhile projects as the Fulbright exchange scholarships. It also seemed logical to draw on these counterpart funds to pay expenses of visiting congressmen.

In 1953, Congress clamped down on these and other foreign currencies in the Treasury's custody by stipulating that they had to be authorized and appropriated just like any other money in the government's budget. But a special waiver in the law exempted the amount spent for Congressional travel. It applied not only to counterpart but to any other currencies not directly purchased with dollars (through sale of surplus commodities, etc.). As a consequence, congressmen could now draw on these "free" funds even in countries like Switzerland where the United States never had an aid program.

Inevitably, this predisposition to secret and devious handling of its affairs has roused the press to hunt for evidence of hanky-panky. A couple of years ago, two enterprising reporters, Walter Pincus and Don Oberdorfer, ventured into a back room of the House Disbursing Office and spent several days examining the bound volumes containing vouchers submitted by the various committees to justify expenses. They dug out many questionable items—hotel bills on which wives' names were scratched out, bar bills altered to appear as "food," chits for lengthy excursions to resort areas, and excessive charges categorized as "tips." All had been reimbursed without challenge. Their story, published in *Life* and the Knight newspapers, provoked an uproar in Congress. An amendment was passed requiring committees to publish an accounting of travel expenditures each year in the *Congressional Record.* At the same time, however, the records of the Disbursing Office were locked to the press.

It was a dubious gain, for the committee accounts now carried in the *Congressional Record* offer few clues to the purpose of a member's travel abroad or the duration of his stay. The broad categories into which expenses are lumped conceal more than they reveal. Last year, for example, accounting of an earlier trip to Europe by Chairman Powell showed a "miscellaneous" item of $1,117.07 out of total expenses of slightly more than $3,000.

Other reporters have diligently resumed the prodding where Pincus and Oberdorfer left off. Early this year, the Scripps-Howard papers ran a series by Vance Trimble documenting the expensive eating habits of traveling congressmen. In July, Worth Bingham of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* wrote a widely syn-

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dicated series, "The Story of Our Costly Congress." By Bingham's estimates, Congressional costs since 1953 have risen six times as fast as the rest of the Federal budget.

A Modicum of Discretion

These and other "exposés" touch on a fact of life in Washington today. To compensate for the continuing aggrandizement of the Executive Branch, Congress has sought ways to increase its own role and prerogatives. The ambitious remodeling of the Capitol, the expansion into the new office buildings, the growing practice of calling in the experts or farming out all sorts of projects to them, all express Congress's determination not to be overshadowed by the Executive. More important, as the job of Congress becomes increasingly complex, there is a corresponding need for it to have its own sources of information and intelligence. The investigative operations have been multiplying, and so has the cost.

In pursuit of its Constitutional responsibility to keep check on the Executive Branch, Congress cannot always follow the rigid and cumbersome procedures it demands of others. A committee must be allowed a measure of secrecy and free initiative in its investigations. Congressional expenses are small change compared with the billions spent by the Executive departments. But just for this reason, congressmen ought to be meticulous in money matters if they want to preserve their legitimate function as guardians of the government purse.

Petty instances of waste do not set an inspiring example for those outside government who find their own work and play habits being affected by the intricate provisions of the revenue acts passed by Congress. Next year, a major task on the legislative agenda will be to carry further the tax reform begun this session. Before they resume tinkering with other people's financial practices, the congressmen might well take a hard look at their own. They can be sure that every dollar misspent by any one of them who is inclined to be silly or profligate will authorize wastes in geometrical proportion in the Executive Branch of the government and in the business community.

A Phoenician Is Still a Phoenician

WILLIAM S. ELLIS

SEVERAL YEARS AGO the Rockefeller Foundation announced that it was providing a five-thousand-dollar grant to the Lebanese government to be used for the purchase of books dealing with international relations. The reaction in Beirut was one of astonishment.

"Books on international relations?" exclaimed one deputy. "Next they'll be telling us how to grow cedars."

Lebanon needs no instructions in how to conduct affairs with other countries. As a small Arab state (with an area and population about two-thirds as large as Connecticut's) devoted to the preservation of its identity from extinction in Nasserism, Lebanon has learned to write its own rules for survival.

The Lebanese, like more than eighty-four million other Arabs from Morocco to the Persian Gulf, are constantly buffeted in a Pan-Arab movement that threatens to blow away borders and toss nationalities to the winds. But the Lebanese are not allowing themselves to be carried away. There is, of course, a sound reason for this resistance. The Lebanese enjoy a high standard of living and education. To be absorbed into a sprawling nation made up mostly of miserable, illiterate peasants such as the Egyptian *fellahin* or the Iraqi *shrugi* would call for many sacrifices—sacrifices the Lebanese are not willing to make.

Lebanon sees itself as the Switzerland of the Middle East, taking sides neither in the Arab bloc nor the world at large. "Exactly what is our foreign policy?" a member of the opposition demanded when the then premier, Saeb Salam, was being questioned in parliament after a visit he had made to the United Nations last year.

"It is one of neutrality," Salam replied.

"Why, then, didn't we support the demand for a new meeting between the leaders of Russia and the United States?" the deputy asked.

The premier eyed the fresh carnation in his lapel, thought for a few seconds, and then said, "That would have been *positive* neutrality."

DIVISIONS do exist as to which way Lebanon's neutrality should lean. The gravest test came in 1958 when Moslem factions, attempting to undermine the country's generally pro-western régime and push the country into line with Nasser's dream of a vast Arab empire, rose up in open revolt. Thousands of U.S. Marines were sent to Lebanon to help control the revolt. As they

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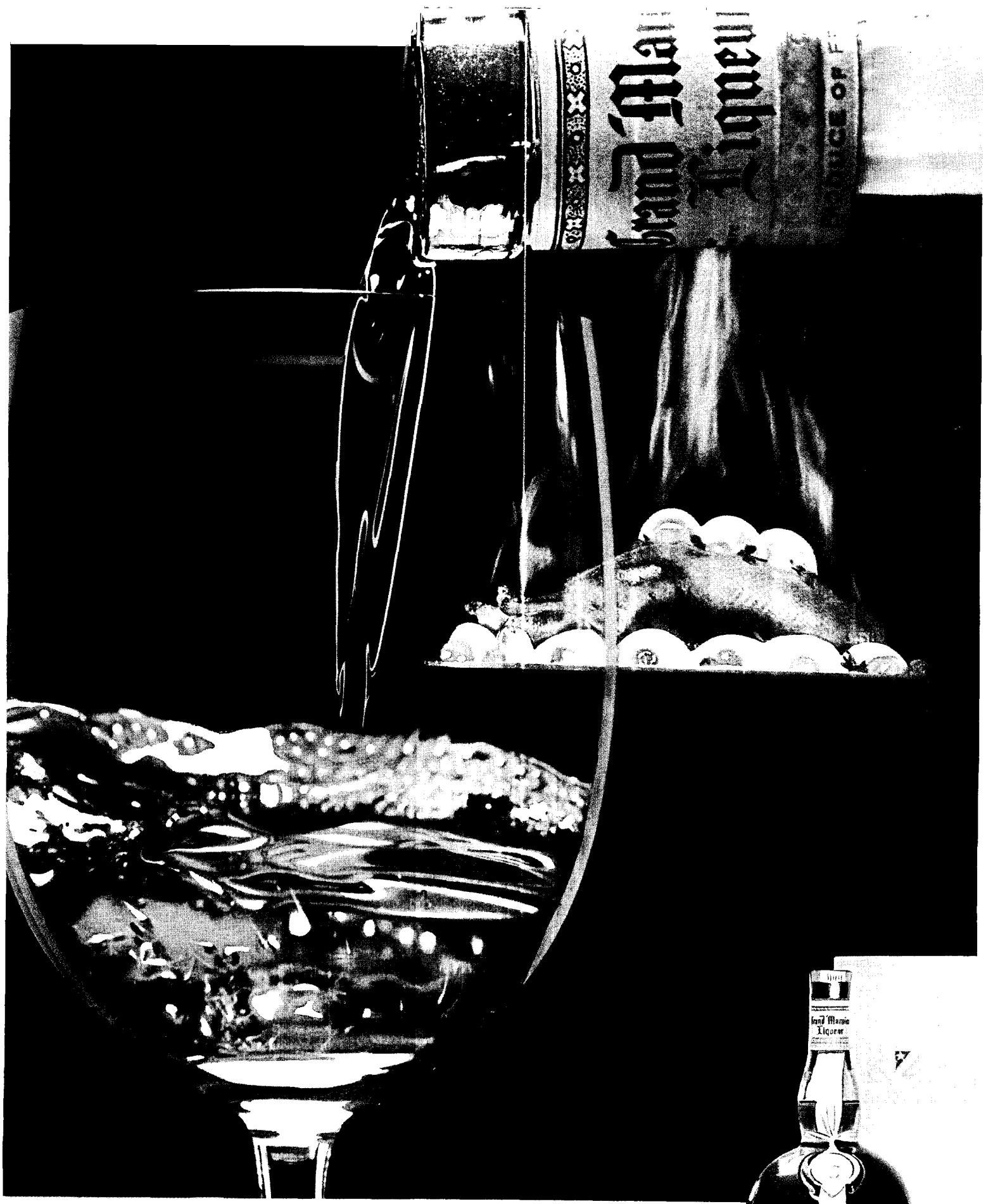

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How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

ABC's to Ph.D.'s

Nearly 25 years ago Creole Petroleum, our affiliate in Venezuela, set up an educational aid program for its employees and their children. Then in 1956 . . .

Others are taking courses in science, mathematics, history, engineering, trades and crafts—using buildings, books and equipment furnished by the Foundation.

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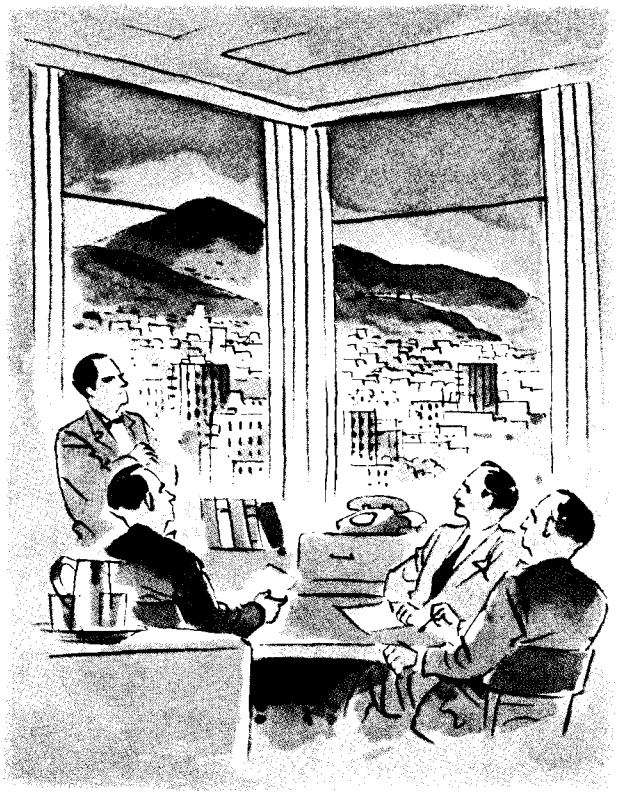

the Creole Foundation was organized to make educational and research grants throughout Venezuela. They are available to employees and non-employees alike.

The Foundation now is spending about a million dollars a year on dozens of constructive projects. Some young Venezuelans are studying modern agriculture.

Rural and city schools, and universities too, have been helped. Many students have been sent to U. S. colleges and universities for advanced study. Thus...

a privately endowed foundation has become important in a nation's educational growth. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*

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The enemy will not wait for a sunny day.

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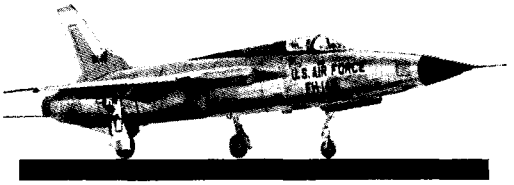
Republic's F-105D fighter-bomber has the versatility and packs the punch. It can retaliate with a massive long-range blow or go in on the deck to support troops. And with its all-weather capability the F-105D can lock on target, deliver accurately, get home safely . . . in the kind of weather enemies choose to fight in.
The F-105D Thunderchief is on duty with the United States Air Force now. It can be airborne in ten seconds flat from a cold start. Rain or shine. Anywhere. Any time.



REPUBLIC
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landed on the bleached beaches they were met by grinning Lebanese peddling peanuts, soft drinks, Persian rugs, and lottery tickets.

The profit motive inspires much of Lebanon's devotion to neutrality —a neutrality characterized not so much by straddling the fence of international affairs as by stumbling and falling off each side an equal number of times. Late last year a group of army officers in neighboring Syria revolted and finally declared that country's independence of Nasser's United Arab Republic. From the first rumblings of this revolt, Lebanon faced a prolonged crisis of its own. Any support for the Syrian rising would have been the source of profound distress among the many Moslems in Lebanon who regard Nasser as the only great Arab leader of modern times; but denunciation of the movement would have angered Lebanon's powerful merchant middle class. The Lebanese government thereupon went into those confusing contortions of diplomatic indecision which always seem to result in escape, and which once prompted a British diplomat to call Lebanon "Houdini in a fez."

For example, shortly before Syria's actual break with the UAR, President Nasser had been addressing a large crowd in Damascus. Possibly to divert attention from growing Syrian resentment, he spoke out against Lebanon and especially Lebanon's most powerful political party, the fascistic Phalangists. "The Phalangists," Nasser said, "have met the merger [of Egypt and Syria] with a hostile attitude and interfered in our affairs since the first day. We cannot tolerate such things."

In Beirut coffeehouses the anxious chatter swelled and exploded into panic. The cabinet was summoned to an emergency session. A few days later it was announced that an official delegation would go to Damascus for a meeting with Nasser. Everyone assumed that some sort of protest would be made.

Even to get the delegation together took some doing. Some members of the cabinet and parliament became ill; others departed on trips abroad. At last a small group led by the president of the Chamber of Deputies, Sabri Hamadeh, was hurried off to Damascus. Approaching Nasser, Hamadeh breathed deeply and delivered a haymaker of flattery for his "wise, sincere, and inspiring leadership" and of earnest prayers for the United Arab Republic "as a symbol of the power and solidarity of the Arabs."

Of course, Hamadeh's prayer could not keep Syria in the UAR but Nasser, appeased, vowed that the UAR would always remain Lebanon's "staunch friend." By such tactics as this, Lebanon survived yet another in the long series of crises to which its people have become accustomed.

The Customer Is Always Right

Nasser might truthfully have charged Lebanon with many infidelities to the cause of Arab unity—most of them dictated by sound business sense. Lebanon has made itself the commercial capital of the Middle East, mainly by its refusal to place restrictions on the free movement of goods and money.

Prosperous Egyptian businessmen, who fled with their funds when King Farouk was ousted, found both a welcome and superb banking facilities in Lebanon. Wealthy oil princes of Kuwait and Qatar invested heavily in Beirut real estate. Excess capital from throughout the Arab East was channeled into the country. As in Swiss banking operations, no questions were asked. There are now more than sixty different banking firms doing business in the small country and the government is still being besieged with applications for permission to open additional facilities. The funds

brought into Lebanon are put to work in the form of loans to merchants, financing new apartment buildings and hotels along the attractive sea front, and in the development of transportation facilities.

Poor in agricultural and mineral resources, still lagging in major industrial development, Lebanon has been compensated for these handicaps by a splendid geographic position as the entrepôt for goods going both east and west. A sunny country of gentle mountains and pleasant valleys, stretching north from Israel and south from Syria and Turkey, Lebanon thrives on its status as the front porch of the Middle East. In Lebanon there can be no thought of complete self-sufficiency and rigid controls of imports, as there is in what remains of Nasser's xenophobic UAR. The nationalization of local and foreign enterprises is not likely.

Moreover, there are very few threats of domestic disorder to scare away business. Since the rising of 1958, which dealt crippling blows to business, Squad 16, the Middle East's most brutal anti-riot unit, has made street disorders in Beirut almost non-existent. Squad 16, whose name is derived from its telephone number, is manned by a few dozen fierce-looking giants, most of whom wear bushy mustaches and all of whom carry machine guns. They race through the streets in jeeps, prepared to nip a riot while it is still at the stage of heated talk. Once after several bystanders were injured by a hand grenade thrown by an overzealous member of the squad, the government announced that the unit had been disbanded. Citizens were instructed that henceforth the number to call in case of trouble would be 18 rather than 16. But the same men with the same machine guns respond.

Nowhere is Lebanon's tender regard for profits more evident than in its relations with the Arab League's powerful "Boycott Israel" office. There are now more than eighty U.S. companies on the Arab blacklist. The agency also maintains a long list of film stars who are charged with having patronized Zionism, among them Elizabeth Taylor, Danny Kaye, Jerry Lewis, and Edward G. Robinson. Nevertheless, the most popular movie house in Beirut regularly flouts the boycott list, and the manager has made it quite clear that he books with boxoffice in mind, not blacklist.

How does Lebanon get away with it? One answer is the nation's astute sense of timing. Last year, it was revealed that Israel was experiment-

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ing with atomic energy. To the Arabs that meant only one thing—the Bomb—and the call for unity in the face of this new threat came from Cairo and Baghdad, Amman and Riyadh. At this point the Lebanese decided that the time had come to go beyond mere words in supporting the Arab cause. A week later the Norwegian freighter *Mars* arrived in Beirut with a cargo of potatoes. The vessel, which was on the boycott list for having previously called at an Israeli port, was officially forbidden to discharge its cargo in Beirut. Politicians and potato merchants argued the point while the ship lay in the harbor for three days. When it finally sailed away, with the potatoes still aboard, Lebanon was hailed by the boycott office for its adamant stand in "the cause of Arab solidarity." Of course, the next day anything short of the *Exodus* with David Ben-Gurion at the helm might have sailed into the harbor and had its cargo unloaded.

STEADFAST in the issue of the potatoes, Lebanon has not hesitated to deviate in other, weightier matters. The Lebanese are willing to go along with plans for a Pan-Arab oil company because, for one thing, they have no oil. But the Arab League's talk of a Pan-Arab airline was something else again, since Lebanon has its own highly profitable airlines. On another occasion, when the League was preparing to censure France for its Algerian policy, a Lebanese official in Paris was reportedly telling the French government not to worry about a thing so far as Lebanon was concerned.

The snobbish Lebanese love what the French left after the mandate ended nearly two decades ago. Style-conscious Lebanese women prefer French *haute couture*, French cuisine is served in most of the restaurants, and all films shown in Lebanon have French subtitles. Three of Beirut's leading papers are in French. For the wealthy, France is the place to go for vacations and operations.

Some Lebanese are even reluctant to admit that they are Arabs. Ask a Lebanese about this, and he will hesitate, clear his throat, and then blurt out, "I am a Phoenician." He doesn't smile, mind you, and if pressed further he will explain how the area of the Levant now called Lebanon was once inhabited by the Phoenicians, his ancestors. He may also recall for you that while most of the Arab world lay asleep, his forebears were trading around the far reaches of the known world, registering astonishing feats in navigation and devising the West's alphabet.

The Arab League probably lets Lebanon get away with a lot because it depends on the nation to act as a mediator in many of the inter-Arab disputes. Nasser calls King Hussein of Jordan a tool of the West. Hussein charges that Premier Kassem of Iraq is a tool of the Communists. And Kassem brands both Nasser and Hussein as tools of a plot against Arab solidarity. Lebanon uses this tool kit to tune up its role as peacemaker and friend to all, the one Arab haven of indispensable independence.

ANOTHER FACTOR contributing to Lebanon's unique role in Arab affairs is the impact of religion on governmental activities. There are scores of religious sects represented among the 1,500,000 people who live in the country, but the basic division involves Christians, mainly Maronite Roman Catholics, on one side and Moslems on the other. The Moslems are for the most part pro-Nasser. The Christians are not, for they fear that if Lebanon were devoured in a drive for complete Arab unity, they would become second-class citizens.

By law, the president of Lebanon must be a Maronite Roman Catholic, the premier a Sunni Moslem, and the president of the Chamber of Deputies a Shia Moslem. Representation in parliament and in the cabinet is based on religious apportionment, the Christians jealously guarding the majority of seats. There are ninety-nine parliamentary deputies and fourteen cabinet members—a generous representation that allows almost everyone in the country to brag of having a cousin in government. No one knows for sure which religion predominates, and both Christians and Moslems are reluctant to agree to a religious census for fear the results would ruin exaggerated claims on both sides.

Aside from financial and religious considerations, Lebanese educational institutions have done much to produce a cosmopolitan atmosphere. Three of the leading universities in the Arab Middle East—the American University of Beirut, St. Joseph University, and the Lebanese University—are in Lebanon. As a matter of fact, it was at the American University of Beirut that young students long ago planted the first seeds of Arab nationalism. But a number of factors, including education and a free press, have turned Lebanese eyes beyond Arab parochialism.

Lebanon's independent position is also strengthened by emigration. A great many Lebanese have taken up permanent residence abroad. There are large colonies in the United States, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, and elsewhere in Latin America, Europe, and Africa. Emigration has provided Lebanon with an escape from provincial attitudes and a major source of income—millions of dollars sent back each year by the emigrants. In return, the emigrants demand that the fatherland remain protected against designs for a single Middle East nation of Arabs.

Many of the emigrants return to Lebanon once a year for a convention. This event has assumed such great significance in the past several years that it has been suggested

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the emigrants be allowed to elect their own deputies to parliament. Dinners and cocktail parties and even presidential receptions are given for the emigrants. But before the reunion ends, the government unfurls plans for various types of development projects in the country and the departed children of Lebanon are asked point-blank to help meet the costs. They usually come through handsomely.

How About Some Apples?

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Lebanon is more friendly to the West than is the UAR, or Iraq, or Morocco. Yet Lebanon is not as openly servile as Jordan, a country thoroughly beholden to Britain and the United States for its existence. The Lebanese simply go along taking what they consider to be the best from all sources. The Communist bloc provides plenty of cheap textiles and eggs (Lebanon later sells the eggs to Kuwait and points east), and in return takes large quantities of Lebanon's principal product—fruit.

The western bloc is appreciated for its technological prowess, its cultural excellence, and its overwhelming generosity. Both direct assistance and loans have come from the United States. Recommendations on road development are sought from German autobahn experts. (The Lebanese are partial to German efficiency as well as to the long-wearing automobiles and typewriters produced in that country.) Italy provides virtually all of the dance-band personnel for Beirut's feverish night life, and from Britain come industrial equipment, aircraft, and canned foods. France sends platoons of experts to advise on a wide variety of projects.

Most of the advice given Lebanon is ignored, of course, unless it is accompanied by a cash grant. Still, Lebanon thanks all the assisting countries and asks them if they would like to buy some fruit.

Not long ago the subject of fruit was raised by members of a Lebanese diplomatic mission visiting a Soviet satellite. Some interest was expressed. The diplomats smiled. It just so happened that one hundred cases of apples had been shipped ahead to coincide with their arrival.

Louisiana: The Expensive Way To Fight Integration

ED PLANER

NEW ORLEANS

HERE in Louisiana, where Huey Long first proclaimed his plan to make "Every Man a King," the new goal seems to be "Every Child in a Private School." As many as four thousand parents have already applied for the $360-a-year grants that the state, in its effort to halt integration, has generously offered private-school students under its "Freedom of Education" plan. The number of applicants is expected to rise to nine thousand by the end of this year and to more thereafter.

Originally, the money was intended to aid pupils who withdrew from public schools to attend segregated private schools. Now, however, it has been extended to children who normally go to private schools as well. And, although New Orleans is the only city in Louisiana with any integrated schools, the program is nonetheless state-wide in scope.

The money also is available to Negro students in private schools. According to State Senator E. W. Gravolet, Jr., head of the three-man Louisiana Financial Assistance Commission that is doling out the money, "There is no discrimination in this program." Consequently, sixty-two Negroes attending the Bush Elementary Private School for Negroes in New Orleans are receiving grants.

The first grant-in-aid bill was passed early in 1961 by a special session of the Louisiana legislature. At that time, two public schools in New Orleans had been nominally desegregated. One school was boycotted by whites, and the other had only a handful of white students.

Many of the white children who withdrew were sent to a new "co-operative" school, called the Ninth Ward Elementary School, which was set up in a renovated warehouse. The money provided by the state paid their tuition. Last year, the school had an enrollment of 440. This year, in a new building, the school has an enrollment of 1,171—all of them receiving the $360 a year offered by the state. The school was founded by Armand Duvio, a plumber, who is presently thinking about starting another school across the street to handle 700 more students. In addition to the Ninth Ward Elementary, six other "co-op" schools are expected to be operating in New Orleans by the end of the year. One of them has already opened its doors and the 121 students attending it are getting their tuition from the state.

Dollars for Debutantes

At first, the grant-in-aid program was confined to nonsectarian private schools that were run on a non-profit basis. This summer, however, the legislature, fearing a court test, amended the program to include the profit-making schools as well. As a result, students in the most exclusive schools in Louisiana are now getting state money to pay part of their tuition. For example, the Financial Assistance Commission recently approved grants-in-aid applications for sixty-six students at the Metairie Country Day School, a fashionable private school in a New Orleans suburb where the tuition in the upper grades is about $650 a year. State payments are also going to eighty-two students at the Louise S. McGehee School in New Orleans, which annually turns out a good share of the city's debutantes.

Many of the parents who are applying for the grants-in-aid are doing so simply because they are opposed to the program. A New Orleans attorney whose two children attend a private school where the average income of the parents is quite high put it this way: "It's costing me $1,200 a year to send my kids to that school. If the state is going to pay $360 for each child in a private school, I'm going to take it. Why not? I'm paying for it anyhow."

Besides tuition for his children, the attorney is also paying for public schools and the grants-in-aid pro-

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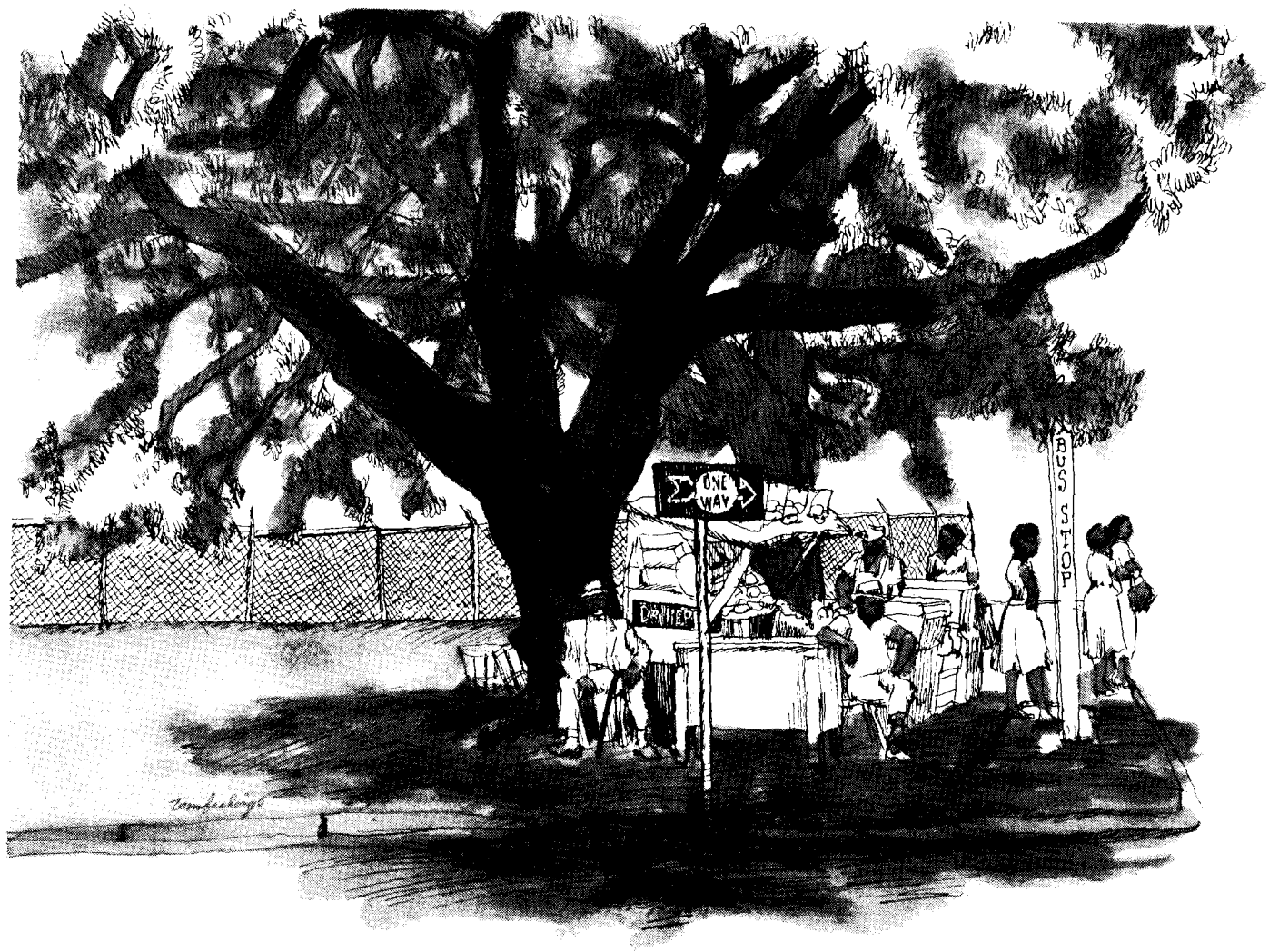

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Impressions of the South

by Tom Feelings

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gram. He hopes the latter will be forced into bankruptcy.

To finance the current program, the state has a kitty of $3.2 million from sales-tax receipts, which should be enough to take care of the nine thousand applicants expected this year. In November, a $20-million bond issue to finance future applications will be voted on.

There are some who think that the program will eventually destroy the public schools in Louisiana. By providing the tuition for the students, the state has made it easy for anyone to start a co-operative school, thus furnishing a more or less adequate alternative to integrated public schools.

THE SUDDEN GROWTH of the co-ops in New Orleans is proof that the plan has had some success. The State Sovereignty Commission, charged with furthering the cause of segregation, has already issued a five-page booklet entitled "What You Should Know About Co-ops." It lists twenty questions and answers on setting up a co-operative school. According to State Senator Gravolet, there may be a widespread private school system in New Orleans, whose public schools may all be integrated within five years.

Emile Wagner, Jr., a staunch segregationist who resigned from the Orleans Parish school board when it submitted a desegregation plan, is working hard to make the senator's predictions come true. He has formed the Greater New Orleans Educational Foundation, which will supplement the tuition grants to white private schools if they are willing to give the foundation the power of supervision. So far, no school has accepted this support.

There are others who feel the grant-in-aid program will eventually collapse of its own weight. Some church schools have even sent in applications, adding a further complication. The state already has a $60-million deficit this fiscal year. Where will it get the money to support its public schools, let alone subsidize the mushrooming private schools as well?

Meanwhile, applications are arriving at the Financial Assistance Commission's office at the rate of more than a hundred a day.

King Hassan's Unbound Morocco

JOHN K. COOLEY

RABAT

THE LEADERS of Morocco, from King Hassan II on down, are determined not to let their country's development be harmed by the contagion of what the thirty-two-year-old monarch and his entourage regard as the half-baked revolutionary ideas of Ahmed Ben Bella's political bureau and the Algerian army commanders.

This has meant an end to the earlier roles of both Hassan and President Bourguiba of Tunisia as occasional dabblers in Algerian affairs, and a beginning of total concentration here on Morocco's national growth at home and the extension of the kingdom's influence abroad as an uncommitted though western-backed African power.

Ever since he succeeded his statesmanlike father, Mohammed V, in February, 1961, Hassan and his left-wing opponents here have sought to use foreign policy and especially Algerian events for their own domestic ends. So far, the king is well ahead. Last year, the leftist National Union of Popular Forces, which wants to replace the absolute monarchy with a one-party socialistic state, protested that the king was too soft on the France of de Gaulle, whom Hassan greatly admires, and was not doing enough for Algeria. Young Hassan replied by getting French troops to evacuate their remaining bases here and by intervening, more or less effectively, in the processes that led to the Evian peace talks and Ben Bella's release from a French prison.

Hassan recently made it clear how he feels about the experiment with one-party government in Algeria, which the National Union (prematurely, as the recent political anarchy in Algeria proved) held up as a shining example to Morocco. "I do not believe the attempt will succeed," he said. "A socialist, Marxist, or Castroist Algeria, or one under any other form of People's Democracy, appears unthinkable to me, for the national spirits of the two countries [Algeria and Morocco] are too close."

He added that settlement of Morocco's frontier claims against Algeria, except those for the strategic

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Sahara oasis of Tindouf, could wait until the final outlines of an eventual Maghreb (North African) union became clear. This was tantamount to pigeonholing them, since the union project exists now only in the columns of an occasional North African editorial writer seeking copy. Hassan underlined his reticence about all things Maghrebian in August by ordering new studies for a steel plant in northern Morocco and excluding Algerian power sources and markets that earlier plans had included.

SINCE THEIR Casablanca convention last May, the opposition leaders have insistently been demanding that a constitution be drawn up by an elected national assembly, something Morocco still lacks. But while the National Union's creator, Mehdi Ben Barka, a former mathematics professor who is fascinated by European socialism and the economics of developing countries, traveled abroad instead of concentrating on political spadework at home, the king put a group of jurists to work on his own constitution, which he has said will be ready by the end of this year and which he intends to submit to a national referendum.

The leftist press, temporarily silenced by a mysterious bomb explosion in its Casablanca printing plant on September 7, calls this an "imposed constitution" that must be resisted at all costs. Top members of the National Union's collegial leadership—notably Mahjoub Ben Seddick, boss of the Moroccan Labor Federation (UMT) and Abderrahman Youssefi, editor and chief liaison man with Ben Bella—converged on Casablanca to talk over new tactics.

The bitter truth was that despite some practical progress in local self-government in cities like Casablanca, Rabat, Tangier, and Marrakesh, where the National Union won control of the city councils in the country's first nation-wide elections in May 1960, the opposition doctrines of radical agrarian reform, state socialism, and "popular" democracy simply have not caught on among the backward rural masses. If the king, with the support of Allal el-Fassi's conservative Istiqlal Party, the strongest partner in the rightist government coalition, succeeds in having his constitution ratified by a vast majority of Morocco's 11,600,000 people, the National Union might be finished as a political force.

Of Aid and Strings

While the Left talked tactics and charged that the print-shop bombing was a continuation of police terror conducted against them and the UMT last winter, the country's gradually improving economic position, bolstered by western aid, also strengthened Hassan's hand.

The U.S. has provided nonmilitary loans and grants totaling $593 million over the past twelve years and is solidly behind Morocco's current (1960-1964) Five-Year Development Plan. Unemployment still hovers around the 400,000 mark. But in a predominantly agricultural economy, rural work-relief projects under the

king's "National Promotion" scheme, launched to combat the aftermath of last year's terrible drought, have provided at least seventy thousand new jobs and many needed roads, bridges, houses, schools, and hospitals. As in some other countries, these projects are financed by the sale of American farm surpluses on the Moroccan market. Both USAID and Moroccan officials are enthusiastic about the progress on big projects such as the Moulouya River irrigation and power dam, and more modest ones such as mobile handicraft units now giving a new lease on life to an old industry, the tanning of Morocco's superb leather. Private Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish relief activities and the $8-million payroll and local purchases of the four strategic U.S. air bases, now being cut down preparatory to final evacuation at the end of 1963, round out the large American economic contribution, which even the Left no longer attacks.

French aid, broken off during the Algerian war, is now being resumed under agreements signed last summer, following a visit by King Hassan to President de Gaulle in May. It will amount to about $80 million divided between "treasury facilities" advanced to the Banque du Maroc, long-term loans for specific development projects, and credit facilities extended by French exporters for purchases of French capital goods.

An army of twenty thousand French civil servants and technicians keeps wheels turning where trained Moroccans are still sadly lacking, especially in public health and education. Under the new agreements, Paris is to facilitate recruiting of new technical assistants and will offer new high salary differentials to make work in Morocco attractive. There are more scholarships for study in France, and special credits for aid to research and education are being boosted from just under $1 million in 1962 to nearly $4 million in 1963. Under what the Left derisively terms "new Protectorate agreements," many skilled jobs vacated by Algerian exiles who have returned to Algeria are being given to Frenchmen.

Foreign investments in Morocco, totaling about $11 million, about one-third of them American, are protected by a liberal code of guarantees that have led Enrico Mattei, head of the Italian government's oil trust, to build and operate a big refinery near Casablanca. There are also significant new Italian and West German investments.

BY CONTRAST, eastern attempts to compete with the entrenched western interests have gotten nowhere. A Polish-designed sugar-beet factory being built at Sidi Slimane is already criticized because the Polish experts greatly overestimated the productive capacity of the region, and French trouble shooters have been called in. The Communist Chinese have offered trade, not aid, but apart from tea-for-phosphate barter deals, they have made no significant inroads on the Moroccan market. The entire Communist bloc still accounts for only six per cent of Morocco's foreign trade.

At least three Soviet offers of economic and technical assistance have been rejected since 1958 as having

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too many strings tied to them. However, a Soviet team that the Moroccans asked to study the possibility of building a small shipyard in underdeveloped northern Morocco, made what one aide of King Hassan called "the first constructive Russian offer" to build the yard at Tangier. Moroccans were horrified by false western press reports of an imaginary Soviet scheme to build a "naval base" at Tangier, close to the American naval base at Rota, Spain, and the British bastion at Gibraltar, and of a "submarine base" at Alhucemas, about two hundred miles farther east, as well. "After all the trouble we had getting rid of the French and the Spanish, does anyone seriously believe we want to invite the Russians in?" a cabinet minister asked me indignantly.

Western diplomats here say that Russian personnel or technicians, even if they were installed in a Tangier shipyard, would derive no new intelligence value, since their clandestine agents in Tangier, Algeciras, and Gibraltar already keep close tabs on shipping in the strait anyhow. The governor of Tangier, Bensalem Guessous, says he is against the project, since it would harm Tangier's reviving tourist trade by ruining the bathing beaches. It is likely that Morocco will accept only if the West is given the psychological reassurance of having western firms associated with it.

Polishing the Neutralist Image

Hassan, for the sake of his Afro-Asian relations, must be careful not to appear to be leaning too far westward. The chiefs of state of the Casablanca bloc—Morocco, Egypt, Mali, Ghana, Guinea, and Algeria—are due to meet at Marrakesh this month in a new attempt to produce some real African answer to the Common Market, and also to discuss the long-awaited rapprochement with the much larger and better-organized Monrovia bloc to the south. This meeting may see the final, quiet burial of Morocco's unrealistic claims to the huge but barren Islamic Republic of Mauretania, a chief obstacle to this rapprochement, and this is one more reason why Hassan, for Afro-Asian consumption, must somehow strive to maintain the image of Morocco as a fiercely neutralist African power.

One of the easiest and most advantageous ways of doing this, as Nasser discovered seven years ago, is to accept Soviet arms deliveries. Since last April, five or six shiploads have come into Casablanca. Some were evidently consigned to Colonel Houari Boumedienne's Algerian troops then based in eastern Morocco, but several helicopters, some vehicles and tanks, and a considerable quantity of light artillery, small arms, and ammunition were earmarked for King Hassan's forces under a deal that Defense Minister Mahjoubi Ahardane concluded with the Soviets last March.

But even here, France and the United States have the edge on the Soviets. Of the fourteen MIG-17 jet fighters delivered in February, 1961, six are now unserviceable because of mechanical defects or lack of spare parts. The Russians have only a meager six-man training mission here, whereas sixty U.S. Air Force officers and NCO's at the Sale airport, along with the French personnel of the Meknes and Marrakesh pilot schools, share almost the entire task of training Morocco's embryonic air force, which was strengthened by six U.S. transport planes last May and will soon receive several more C-119s from Washington. What is more, the thirty-thousand-man Moroccan ground forces, supported logistically by large French and much smaller United States aid, are trained and oriented to the use of western arms. Moroccan officers estimate that it would take many months to make a conversion to the stockpiled Russian equipment.

Actually, the West's chief headache in Morocco now—and one being skillfully exploited by General Franco—is the Moroccan claim to the Spanish cities of Ceuta and Melilla on Morocco's Mediterranean coast, the tiny Ifni enclave south of Agadir, and the Spanish-ruled Sekia el Hamra and Rio de Oro zones of the Sahara, where U.S.-Spanish consortiums are prospecting for oil.

Though Ceuta and Melilla have been ruled by Spain for centuries, King Hassan's adroit foreign minister, Ahmed Balafrej, who persuaded Franco to hand back the Tarfaia zone of southern Morocco in April, 1958, apparently believes there is a chance that mounting domestic pressures may eventually induce the Caudillo to negotiate their cession even at the risk of provoking the wrath of his officers.

Melilla and its Moroccan hinterland are economically interdependent, and both live largely from exporting Moroccan iron ore through Melilla's port. But at Ceuta nagging Moroccan frontier controls are slowly stifling the free port of that proud fortress town. Both cities, between them the home of about 140,000 Spaniards and less than ten thousand Moroccans, get all of their drinking water from Morocco.

Foreign Minister Balafrej has correctly accused Franco's information media of spreading and exaggerating stories of Soviet "infiltration" here to scare the Americans into pressuring Hassan, and also to enable Madrid to raise the price of new Hispano-American base accords which must soon be renegotiated to renew the ten-year treaty of 1952.

A real Hispano-Moroccan shooting war over the enclaves, and over Spanish fishing rights inside Morocco's territorial waters, which Rabat extended to twelve miles last June, would embarrass Washington because of our delicate relations with both sides. It might also tempt Khrushchev to intervene at a time when his chief African expert, Alexis Shvedov, an old Soviet intelligence operative, is taking over as Soviet ambassador here. This will be one of the eventualities that John Ferguson, the able international lawyer whom President Kennedy has sent to Rabat as the new United States ambassador, must be prepared to face. However, in view of King Hassan's record of sagacity and statecraft, the chances of things getting that much out of hand would surely seem rather remote.

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A Billion for Barry

DONALD R. McNEIL

MESA, ARIZONA

IN THE HEART of Senator Barry Goldwater's home town of Phoenix, a new eight-story, block-long Federal Building has changed the desert skyline. Completed last year at a cost of almost $4 million, the handsome black and gold structure is a striking symbol of the continuing influence of the Federal government in the lives and economy of the conservative senator's 1,400,000 generally conservative constituents.

With no particular sense of contradiction, most of these Arizonans—including ranchers with Federal farm loans, retired couples receiving Social Security payments, and businessmen with defense contracts—are proud of Senator Goldwater's growing reputation as the chief national spokesman for reducing Federal spending. "When it operates with as much absence of government interference as possible, the economy operates the best," the senator told Eric Sevareid on a national television broadcast last March. But in the same interview he conceded that Federal expenditures have had an impact on his state. "I don't deny that we take it," he admitted. "We do." When Sevareid asked if Arizona had not accepted about $84 million in Federal money in 1961, the senator replied: "Oh, I think that probably more than that was spent in the state. . . . I think the total would be over $200 million." Even that estimate is low. In 1961, the Arizona economy was bolstered by nearly a billion dollars in Federal money.

A RECENT REPORT by the Library of Congress, listing only "Selected Federal Expenditures," showed that $796,336,982 entered Arizona during fiscal 1961. Not included in this "selected" list are payments for the purchase, storage, and transportation of price-support commodities, defense subcontracts to Arizona firms from out-of-state industries, and expenses of Federal agencies like the FBI, SEC, and Food and Drug Administration which do not break down their budgets by states. Moreover, direct Federal expenditures available in the state far exceed the Library of Congress's careful estimate. For example, Federal highway funds, listed in the report as $34 million, actually totaled almost $40 million in 1961.

What should Arizonans do about this vast and growing Federal spending? "We wish we'd never started it, and we'd like to get out of it, and the governor's working very hard to see what he can do," the senator told Sevareid. Senator Goldwater has not, however, advised the people of his state to refuse Federal funds. He just asks them not to come to Washington looking for money. They usually don't have to.

Like Senator Goldwater, Republican Governor Paul Fannin deplores the power of the Federal government. In a speech at Salome, Arizona, in July, 1961, he warned that "Any government with the power to give you anything that you want is strong enough to take everything you have." Five days later he telegraphed Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman asking that two Arizona counties be declared eligible for the Federal livestock feed program. They were. Just a few weeks ago, Governor Fannin again applied to Secretary Freeman for Federal aid to three drought-stricken countries.

The governor and the senator face formidable obstacles in trying to convince Arizonans that the Federal government should withdraw from the economy. "It's hard for me to find a farmer who believes in this agricultural program," Senator Goldwater once declared. "Yet when the chips are down and they get a chance to do something about it by voting against allotments, they'll invariably vote for more allotments and say, 'Well, we're in it. We might as well stay with it.' "

What Senator Goldwater regards as inertia may merely be basic economics. Farmers might have found it difficult to operate without the $40 million spent in Arizona by the Department of Agriculture in 1961. Some goes to control cotton and wheat pests, some to combat livestock diseases, and some to provide livestock feed during droughts. Woolgrowers receive Federal incentive payments and cotton farmers regularly collect Federal subsidies. Arizona farmers look to the government for help in marketing their produce, for electricity and telephones, and for low-interest loans of all kinds. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to see how the Arizona farmer, who generally works a natural wasteland brought under cultivation and maintained by artificial means and harassed by some of the worst pests and drought conditions in the United States, could survive without Federal aid—whatever the money may be doing to his moral fiber.

Millions from Defense

In one area, national defense, Senator Goldwater does not quibble with the amount of Federal spending in his state. The $355,675,000

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spent there by the Department of Defense during 1961 has kept Arizona industry booming. Motorola, General Electric, AiResearch, and other large firms are thriving on defense contracts and providing a much-needed diversity to the state's economy, which has traditionally been dependent on agriculture and the tourist trade.

Small businesses, too, have been getting their share, despite Senator Goldwater's complaint that the Kennedy administration is "browbeating business in the face of dangerous economic conditions." Smaller firms profit from subcontracts with the larger corporations, and in 1961 they received more than $2 million in loans from the Small Business Administration. Arizona contractors in particular have reason to be grateful for the $37 million spent by the Housing and Home Finance Agency and the $40 million by the Bureau of Roads during 1961.

Among Arizona businessmen and farmers alike, reclamation is almost an article of faith, since without it much of the state would still be desert. Senator Goldwater approves of the construction of huge reclamation dams like Glen Canyon Dam (1961 expenditures: $35 million; eventual cost: almost $335 million) which are obviously beyond the means of private enterprise. To be sure, the senator vehemently denounces Federal construction of power lines from the dams on the ground that they would constitute Federal interference.

Senator Goldwater's differences with the Department of the Interior often seem more political than economic. Secretary Stewart Udall, a fellow Arizonan, may be Goldwater's Democratic senatorial opponent two years from now. Goldwater has accused him of using the power of his position "to threaten congressmen from western states." Udall's "calculated seizure of patronage," Goldwater charges, "does not bring any great credit to Arizona." Many Arizonans, however, are likely to take a somewhat more tolerant view of Udall's activities in view of the fact that the Department of the Interior brought $97 million to Arizona in 1961, funds that were employed to provide a good deal of impetus to both agriculture and business.

In his syndicated column of August 23, 1961, Goldwater asked: "When will the people of America awaken and shout down those liberal apostles who seek to convert this land into the central collectivist state where everything is for free?" "Can man be fed by superficially benevolent government and not lose the desire and ability to forage for himself?" he asked on another occasion.

THE SENATOR'S contempt for deadbeats on welfare rolls has probably been received with more enthusiastic approval in his home state than anywhere else. Yet it is interesting to note that each month during fiscal 1961 thousands of retired persons, happily basking in the desert sun, collected their individual shares of the $68.8 million paid to Arizonans in the form of Social Security benefits; thousands of others —dependent children, orphans, the blind, and the crippled—received another $17.5 million. All these funds, and more, came from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, penetrating almost every Arizona community. Federal funds went for hospitals, sewage plants, vocational rehabilitation projects, research and training programs, and tuberculosis, mental health, cancer, and water-pollution control. Next to the Department of Defense, HEW, one of Senator Goldwater's prime targets, was the largest spender in Arizona—more than $112 million in 1961.

This figure included a sizable amount from HEW's Office of Education. And nowhere does Senator Goldwater deplore Federal interference more than in the field of education. Arguing his case in the *Saturday Review*, he stated flatly: "Education is one of the powers reserved to the states by the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution. Therefore, any Federal aid program, however desirable it might appear, must be regarded as illegal until the Constitution is amended." Be that as it may, Arizona got nearly $8 million in Federal aid-to-education funds in 1961.

Besides the major spenders—Agriculture, Interior, Defense, and HEW —other Federal agencies, such as the Post Office Department, Railroad Retirement Board, Atomic Energy Commission, and Veterans Administration, pumped $156 million into the state. Scarcely an Arizonan—farmer, rancher, miner, laborer, professional, or businessman—is untouched by Federal money in one form or another. The indigent, the aged, the sick, the unemployed, and the criminal all share the benefits. Wherever an Arizonan turns, the monuments of Federal aid loom before him: airports, highways, parks, schools, hospitals, dams, even weather stations.

Double Your Money Back

In *The Conscience of a Conservative,* Senator Goldwater wrote: "The people of my own State—and I am confident that I speak for the majority of them—have long since seen through the spurious suggestion that Federal aid comes 'free.' They know that the money comes out of their own pockets, and that it is returned to them minus a broker's fee taken by the Federal bureaucracy. They know, too, that the power to decide how that money shall be spent is withdrawn from them and exercised by some planning board deep in the caverns of one of the Federal agencies. They understand this represents a great and perhaps irreparable loss—not only in their wealth, but in their priceless liberty."

The loss of liberty may be debatable, but there is no loss of wealth. In fiscal 1961, Federal tax payments by Arizonans came to $351 million. At the same time nearly a billion dollars in Federal funds flowed into the state. In other words, for every Federal tax dollar paid out by Arizonans, they received nearly three Federal dollars in return.

In the Sevareid interview, Senator Goldwater boasted that his capital city and home town of Phoenix had not raised taxes in thirteen years. "We've had surpluses in the state government of $17 million and $12 million in the last two years. This doesn't happen generally throughout the United States, but maybe it's one of the virtues of being able to be close to your government."

Grand as it is to be close to one's local government, it definitely does not hurt to be close to the Federal government, too.

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The Durability of Uncle Dan

HERBERT KROSNEY

Some of Albany is elegant and nearly all of it old. Full-grown elms and maples extend a penumbra of dignity over residential streets lined with colonial houses. Downtown has a façade of well-scrubbed buildings and business is good. A corps of eighteen thousand state employees has helped to create suburban areas that spread out to the south, west, and north of the city. But along the side streets near the city's center, ramshackle buildings and rubble-strewn lots abound. Eighteen per cent of Albany's housing is substandard, according to a recent survey.

It is from these impoverished districts that one of the last of the old-time personal political machines holds sway over the entire city and county of Albany. A strict patronage system and a network of ward leaders answerable only to the boss—seventy-four-year-old County Democratic Chairman Dan O'Connell—are effectively employed to maintain three-to-one and four-to-one Democratic majorities in the city and county. The Albany Democrats have been in power forty years. They have in terms of longevity the most successful city political machine in the country.

From 1921, two years after Dan O'Connell, a saloonkeeper's son, ran for assessor in a sailor's uniform and won, the control of Albany city and county has been in the hands of himself and his three brothers, Edward J., Patrick J., and John J., all now deceased. Unlike more flamboyant political bosses of the old Hague or Crump school whom he has outlived, O'Connell is a retiring man. As the years have passed he has shielded himself more and more from the public eye, and now spends much of his time in his modest home in the Helderberg Mountains near Albany. Uncle Dan, as he is known to friend and foe alike, is never without his wide-brimmed, sweat-stained hat, which he wears indoors and out and even at the yearly meetings when he is re-elected Democratic county chairman. The meetings compete in brevity. Last year's ran less than thirty seconds. believed to be a record.

In marked contrast to the boss is Mayor Erastus Corning II. Corning was educated at Groton and Yale (Phi Beta Kappa, 1932) and is the scion of one of the great families of the area. The mayor's brother was a state assemblyman, an uncle served in Congress, his father was lieutenant governor, and his great-grandfather was mayor of Albany from 1834 to 1837. Corning was first elected mayor in 1940 at the age of thirty-two. The O'Connell machine annually delivers him an all-Democratic common council. Democrats also dominate the county board of supervisors, 34-5.

Over the years the O'Connell machine has survived several investigations by Republican state administrations embarrassed by Democratic control over what they regard as their capital. Governor Thomas E. Dewey's probe cost $2 million, but even though state accountants marched into city hall (directly opposite the capitol) and took possession of the building on the pretext of a shortage in Albany accounts, no evidence of graft was turned up.

Where the O'Connell machine profits most, it seems clear, is not in the coarser forms of graft but in the much more refined field of real-estate taxes. A report by Governor Rockefeller's State Investigation Commission issued in March, 1961, revealed that Albany had neglected to collect more than $9 million in property taxes. The county, which is debited with unpaid city taxes, had an accumulated delinquency thirty-three times greater than the average accumulation in four similar New York counties at the end of 1959. Within this system, which actually encourages nonpayment, there is ample opportunity for friends of the O'Connell machine to profit.

Return to Sender

Three thousand bills mailed to property owners in January of 1960 were returned to the city of Albany as undeliverable because they were sent to the properties, not the owners. Here is how the superintendent of the Bureau of Tax Delinquencies, Leo C. Quinn, chief aide and confidant of Dan O'Connell, answered questions about the billing system:

Q. "Tell me, when a piece of property changes hands in Albany County, is there any machinery within your bureau that changes the records of the Bureau of Tax Delinquencies to show that the property has had a new deed filed on it?"

A. "No. The only address that is on the cards in our office . . . comes from the city assessor's office. . . ."

Q. "It could stay that way for fifty years, is that right?"

A. "That is right. That is the way it has been going for fifty years, for 250 years before that."

As if this weren't enough, Deputy Superintendent John J. O'Reilly came to the stand and testified as follows:

Q. "As I understand your system,

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Mr. O'Reilly, taxes may be levied on a man year after year, if taxes aren't paid, who is dead?"

A. "That is correct."

The county clerk, Donald Lynch, who is related to O'Connell by marriage and whom the report showed as having profited handsomely in certain real-estate deals, admitted to the commission that there was no system for notifying the Bureau of Tax Delinquences of changes in real-estate ownership. And then, as the report noted, there was absolutely no pressure to pay delinquent taxes —even though "several of the taxpayer witnesses were demonstrably solvent and clearly capable of paying their taxes in full. . . ."

Friends of the machine know that it pays to "forget" real-estate taxes on vacant lots and slum properties. The maximum penalty for delinquencies, by law, is five per cent of the face value. Thus a ten-year delinquency on a real-estate tax of $500 can be settled for $500 plus a $25 fine. If the $500 were put in a savings bank that paid only three per cent interest, it would be worth $673 after ten years. Such a system has obvious built-in advantages for insiders, and generous compromises are common.

ALBANY, according to Mayor Corning, is taxed to within $5,000 of its legal limit. He recently expressed the opinion that if further revenues are required they must come from some other source. He means, partially, that the taxpayers cannot be pushed any further. And yet as the state report noted of the situation in 1960, ". . . the annual County tax roll is slightly more than seven million dollars, a figure which is three quarters of a million dollars less than the current accumulated tax delinquence in the County—thus raising the theoretical possibility that if most accumulated delinquencies were collected by the County, one entire year's levy of County real estate taxes could be dispensed with."

The burdens of tax payment would thus seem to fall most heavily on the average citizens who not only pay in full but are afraid to protest lest their taxes be raised. In a way, it is these citizens who keep the O'Connell machine in power. When someone buys a house in Albany, the property is automatically, by law, reappraised and scaled to the amount of sale. Thus taxes on a house that was appraised at $4,000 and bought for $12,000 would be scaled to the $12,000 level. In order to secure a reduction it is necessary to go through official channels—and these channels are more or less rigidly controlled by the Democrats who also run the rest of Albany's municipal affairs.

Indeed, many citizens are convinced that if they are not Democrats their real-estate taxes will never be beneficially reappraised, that their taxes may be increased instead by reappraisal, and furthermore that they won't receive needed services. Even though Republicans pay approximately as much in real-estate taxes as Democrats, the threat of reappraisal, especially in the lower-income districts, tends to keep property owners in line at election time.

"I didn't really have to go anywhere to get the property reduced," one resident explained. "The Democratic leader came around here and told me I could have it reduced if I would enroll and vote Democratic. So I did."

There are ways of ensuring that political debts are paid in Albany. Two reporters, Bill O'Brien and Dan Barr (now a press secretary to Governor Rockefeller) of the Albany *Times-Union,* made a study of the lack of secrecy at registration in 1961. Their articles about procedural violations resulted in State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz's deputizing two Albany attorneys to make an official investigation. They found election-law violations in every one of the twenty-five polling places they visited during the last two days of voter registration and enrollment.

While favorable tax consideration is important to many voters, the financial rewards of party regularity are more direct in poorer districts. Handouts of five, ten, and even fifteen dollars are common. Political payoffs were especially widespread last year, when the Democrats were seriously threatened in some districts for the first time in the history of their rule.

Every year about a week before election time, many city employees are accustomed to finding approximately one day's pay taken out of their wages. "You got to pay or you don't work," as one donor put it. "There's no point foolin' around with them."

Tired Blood and Reform

The Republicans, of course, would like to gain at least some voting power in Albany. The party's state chairman, Judson Morhouse, has indicated a desire for a shake-up in the GOP leadership in Albany, and Governor Rockefeller has commented about "tired blood." The governor has created a temporary commission on the capital city to work toward correction of the "physical decay." Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson is chairman, and the legislature has appropriated $20 million for rehabilitation of ninety acres in downtown Albany. Rockefeller recently decided to do away with the "campus" of state buildings on the city's outskirts and move state offices back to the downtown area—a boon to the city.

In 1961, Citizens United Reform Effort, or CURE, was formed as a third political party and put up a twenty-seven-year-old clergyman named Robert Hudnut as candidate for mayor. Hudnut polled 15,712 votes, including 7,380 on the Republican line, while Corning drew 49,195.

Though CURE was unable to grow from its professional-class roots to invade the less prosperous districts where the O'Connell machine is strongest, it did bring a breath of fresh air into the stale atmosphere. So did the vigorous campaign last month of a thirty-six-year-old former FBI agent, George W. Harder, who entered the Democratic primary for assemblyman against a machine regular. Harder accused the O'Connell machine of corruption, waste, and general ineptitude. He lost, of course, but the thirty per cent of votes cast for Harder is considered a significant dent in the usually solid machine primary balloting.

Other rifts in the Democratic party leadership are known to lie just beneath the surface of unity, but as long as Uncle Dan is around they will have no chance of developing into forces for change. Democrats and Republicans may come and go in the governor's mansion, but the O'Connell machine remains master of the capital.

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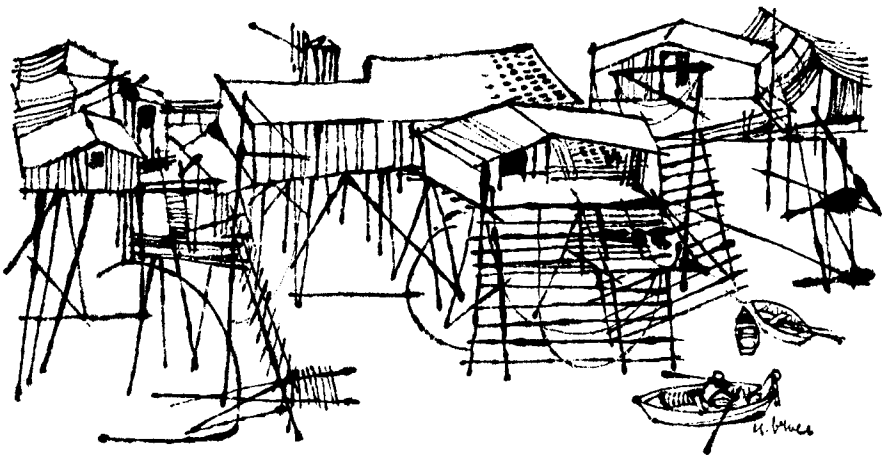

What's to Be Done With The Other Half of New Guinea?

GAVIN SOUTER

SOME MONTHS AGO I accompanied an Australian patrol over the Bismarck Mountains into an uncontrolled part of central New Guinea. We crossed the range at six thousand feet through moss forest, then jolted downhill beside a nameless hurtling river in the expectation that it would lead us eventually to a people who the patrol officer thought were called Gants, Ngants, or Gainj. (New Guinea names are often hard to phoneticize.)

After descending between steep walls of almost vertical rain forest for four hours, we heard some yodeling calls quite different from those practiced near the Tabibuga patrol post which we had left two weeks earlier. Ten minutes later we met the Gants. They were standing beside a waterfall—about forty stocky little men in grass sporrans, bird of paradise plumes, and possum fur—and some of them were so nervous that they held each other's hands for comfort. None of them had ever before seen white men, or brown men as tall and formidable as our native police.

They led us to a splendid camp site overlooking the valley we had just entered, summoned their women and children, and presented the patrol with two live pigs trussed to poles. After returning the compliment with steel tomahawks and salt, the patrol officer, a young Australian named Barry Griffin, addressed the Gants in very simple English. Our interpreter translated in his own place-talk, a language which, although not identical with that of the Gants, was intelligible to them. "I am the government," said Griffin. "I have built a house at Tabibuga. Many times I have heard you people mentioned, you Gants people, and you have interested me. Now I have come here to your place. The reason I have come is that I want to tell you something very important. This talk of mine must go inside your head, and it must stay with you."

When Griffin had finished telling the Gants that they must no longer kill or steal, and that they must help the government by building patrol roads through their valley, the sun had almost set. There was still time, however, to lower the flag, which now flew beside our newly pitched tents—a ceremony that Griffin insists upon each evening. As the blue Australian flag slid down its bamboo mast, Griffin stood to attention and saluted; his police slapped the butts of their bayoneted .303s; and the Gants stood gaping.

Watching this tableau, I could not help remembering the last scene in Gerald Hanley's epitaph for colonialism, *The Consul at Sunset*. Colonel Casey stands watching the flag come down one evening in the last days of British rule in Somaliland. "The sun was never allowed to set on the Union Jack, and the Colonel stood to attention, bareheaded, pride and loneliness stirring in him. The sun did not set on the flag, he reflected sadly. But it had begun to set in the hearts of those who saluted it and the Empire it had represented, and he could not understand that terrible sunset."

Out of Step

Australia, which administers the eastern half of the island of New Guinea, is having even more trouble adjusting to change than Colonel Casey had. Its problem is not merely how to disengage itself from a colonial situation while the sun is going down but also how to remain in that situation after the sun has set. Since the Second World War, thirty-eight of the world's dependent territories, including eight United Nations Trust Territories, have become self-governing. This leaves only three Trust Territories in which the Trusteeship Council may indulge its zeal for promoting autonomy—the tiny Pacific island of Nauru, which is administered by Australia; the U.S. Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands; and, most conspicuous of all, the Australian Trust Territory of New Guinea. Like Colonel Casey, Australia cannot understand this terrible sunset.

Australia has never thought of itself as a colonial power, and this largely explains its present predicament. If it had only behaved in the conventional nineteenth-century manner, its two holdings on the island of New Guinea—the Trust Territory, which it took from Germany in 1914, and the adjacent territory of Papua, which it acquired from Britain in 1906—would undoubtedly be much readier for self-government than they are today. Preoccupied with developing its own vast domain, however, Australia at first paid little attention to the savage, fever-haunted island off its northern coast.

New Guinea, the world's biggest island after Australia and Greenland, was populated at the beginning of

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this century by a large number of small tribes whose only contact with one another was normally in warfare. Its precipitous terrain encouraged cultural and linguistic diversity to an extraordinary degree: the people had no sense of national identity, or even of sharing a large island with one another, and they spoke more than six hundred distinct languages.

Australian patrol officers, prospectors, and missionaries made some epic journeys during the first four decades of the century; small seaports came into being at Port Moresby, Lae, Madang, and at Rabaul on the large neighboring island of New Britain; copra plantations flourished. But development before the war was essentially coastal. The heavily populated highlands were unknown until the 1930's, and then ignored for another ten years. Native education lagged.

THIS NEGLECT, understandable though it may have been in view of the island's physical difficulties and Australia's limited resources, had the effect of preserving intact—like the dinosaur which an American photographer, Charles Miller, claimed to have seen (but somehow failed to photograph) wading through the swamps of southwest New Guinea in 1939—a bewildering and rather frightening anachronism. To make matters worse, the colonial policy Australia has been pursuing for the last twelve years with the best of intentions, and at a total cost of more than $400 million, seems certain to prolong the anachronism of dependence. Its object is to let the dinosaur die a natural rather than a sudden death.

Sir Hugh Foot, who led the U.N. visiting mission to New Guinea this year, has described Papua-New Guinea as a "classic case of the most difficult colonial problem in the world." To start with, the joint territory is not economically self-supporting. Australia provides almost seventy per cent of its annual budget in the form of a direct grant that now amounts to $38 million a year.

In several uncontrolled areas, as the latest annual report states with poker face, "a few customs contrary to the universal Declaration of Human Rights, such as headhunting, the blood feud and cannibalism, still occur within the traditional social system." One such custom, a combined cannibal and wife-hunting raid in the Sepik River district, was described in a 1960 judgment of the Supreme Court of Papua and New Guinea: "Wabuo, the victim in the respect of whose death the accused people were charged, was the next to come down the steps of the house. Just as he reached the bottom of the steps he was shot with an arrow by Kalamaua. Titimaua, the leader of the party, cut off the two legs and arms with a knife and opened the body and removed the liver . . ."

Where the social system is no longer traditional, yearning for material progress is often keener and less easily satisfied than the taste for human flesh. Native farmers earn about $7 million a year from copra, coffee, and cocoa, but eighty per cent of the area's cash cropping is still done by Australian planters. (Papua-New Guinea's Australian population, including administrative staff, is 21,500; the native population is estimated at 1,875,000.) Failure by native communities to achieve the standards of material welfare to which European contact has introduced them still leads to occasional outbreaks of "Cargo Cult," which involves the frenzied and pathetic preparation of airstrips for spirit planes that are expected to bring food and supplies. Disappointment over the blessings of civilization all too frequently leads to a refusal to pay the nominal head tax the administration imposes in economically advanced areas.

Too Distant a Goal?

Australia's aim in Papua-New Guinea, an aim dictated as much by self-interest as by altruism, is to prepare the area for self-determination in such a way that the emerging state will be politically and economically stable and that it will choose to maintain a relationship with Australia which is "close, friendly, direct and permanent." To this end, the present Australian government has adopted a "slow but sure" program of uniform development rather than the "not so sure but fast" policy of elite development favored in recent years by the Dutch in West New Guinea.

The Australian Minister for Territories, Paul Hasluck, believes the rate of progress in Papua-New Guinea is not a policy but a circumstance. "We proceed as fast as we can," he has said. "We have no intention to go slowly but, if one has proper regard for the people of the country, the rate of change has to be geared to the rate of response." And so Australia has started at the bottom and is building upwards on a broad base. Whereas Netherlands New Guinea neglected its backward interior for the sake of sending as many advanced Papuans as possible to Dutch universities, Australian patrol officers have been steadily extending administrative influence throughout eastern New Guinea, primary schools have been built in the highlands almost as soon as law and order have been established, but not one native student has yet received a university education. The newly contacted Gants will almost certainly have a primary school of their own before any of the three native students now attending Australian universities have graduated.

ABOUT 190,000 of the area's 540,000 school-age children are now at school, but only six thousand of them are in secondary school. Because few native children can resist the financial temptation to leave school once they have acquired the minimum education required for clerical employment, the dropout rate in secondary school is high. And the administration does nothing to halt this continual siphoning from the education pool.

Australia's policy of helping the backward majority to catch up with an advanced minority is implicit in every sphere of government activity. The public-service machine prefers employing semi-educated natives as competent mechanics rather than leaving them at school to become engineers capable of directing the machine, and local government councils proliferate at the base of the parliamentary pyramid while native representation in the legislative council is still limited. University graduates, senior native public servants, and full parliamentary representation will all come in due course, but the job may take thirty years or more. As recently as last March Mr. Hasluck, undoubtedly the author of

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Australia's policy in Papua-New Guinea, remarked that Australia had accepted a trust in the territory and would probably remain there until the end of the century.

If Australia did have thirty years of daylight left, and the people of the area remained content with paternalism, uniform development would undoubtedly be the wisest policy. But light fades quickly after sunset. It is no longer enough to point out, as Mr. Hasluck does, that most native leaders are anxious for Australia to stay. The real pressure upon Australia is coming not, as it came upon the colonial powers in Africa, from the natives. It is coming from the outside—from the United Nations and Indonesia.

The U.N. mission that visited New Guinea this year reported bluntly that the time had come for Papua-New Guinea to take a great leap forward, and that Australia should force the pace. Rather than merely awaiting spontaneous demands for progress and then responding to them gracefully, Australia should itself provoke pressure by actively encouraging the formation of an articulate elite.

This is precisely what the Dutch had been doing in West New Guinea, and when sovereignty over that territory is transferred to Indonesia in May next year the contrast between western and eastern New Guinea may well become even more glaring than it is now. Indonesia will surely feel compelled, at least for the next few years, to show the world how much better the New Guineans are faring under Asian control than under a colonial power like the Netherlands.

AUSTRALIA must soon reconsider its commitment to gradualism. If it really believes such a policy to be in the best long-term interests of both Papua-New Guinea and Australia, then it must be prepared sooner or later to defy the United Nations—and perhaps for the first time to find itself branded a "colonialist" power. Meanwhile, pondering the U.N. mission's recommendations—which include sending a hundred natives to Australian universities each year and probably instituting an all-native legislative body—Australia is postponing its decision as long as it can.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

TALK, TALK, TALK

1. Confessions of a Conferencegoer

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

IF WE ARE NOW to use the word "research" as a verb ("I will research it"), we ought to go all the way. We should stretch the word to cover the inverted and reflexive arrangement in which the man does not seek the data but the data fling themselves upon the man—often to his considerable annoyance. Perhaps we could say something like "It has researched itself upon me." At any rate, the young scholar who pictures himself as having the initiative, choosing his subject and going after it, is in for a nasty surprise. In life, subjects reach up and grab you, pulling you far from your intention, and researching you into becoming a halfhearted semi-expert in some unlikely area, quite against your will.

I live at the intersection of several do-goodish operations—religious, educational, reforming, and political—and therefore have become, inadvertently, along with what must now be thousands of others, a semi-expert in the consultation, conference, symposium, institute, seminar, round table, or center: its nature and failings.

The kind of gathering I mean is the extramural and voluntary one, sponsored by some foundation, university, or association, that brings together men from widely scattered fields to deal with some broad question. In the mail comes a letterhead with a strange device, and the request that one turn up in Hot Springs or State College or Washington to discuss, with assorted experts from business, labor, government, the universities, the churches, "mass communications," etc., the great question of "Our National Flimflam." Quickly the eye runs down the page to find the paragraph in which the honorarium is given; then one muses, "Our national flimflam: yes, that is truly a significant question," and off one goes. Such conferences—on the increase, I believe, in recent years—are to be distinguished from narrower, intramural meetings of men in one line of work, in which the delegates may be presumed to know what they are talking about.

What I really do in what we may laughingly call my working time at such gatherings is not to think about the subject to which the

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conference, seminar, etc., itself is addressed (these subjects, in my experience, range from immense to gigantic, and from fluid to gaseous) but instead to think, or rather mostly to talk, about what is wrong with the symposium, consultation, etc., itself.

I quickly learn, in the hotel rooms and on the mountain trails or the beaches, that this is what most of the other consultants, conferees, seminarians, or delegates are doing, too, insofar as they have any spiritual connection whatever with the meeting to which their bodies, at great expense, have been brought. And it is not only in the more pleasant and unofficial discussions that the feeding hand is bitten; often the formal sessions of the conference itself will be addressed, in effect, whatever the nominal topic may be, to the same great subject, namely, "What is wrong with this conference?"

It is not unknown for a consultation to spend its entire time exactly on that matter. The very first discussant may observe that the topic, fraught with significance though of course it is, really needs another approach, or a redefinition: the second will agree, but offer a contradictory approach, or a different redefinition; another, possibly alone in having looked at the material sent to the delegates beforehand, will add that this material, excellent though it is, does not quite get to the heart of the matter. Others will join in, politely agreeing that though of course this is a magnificent conference on a vastly important subject with outstanding speakers and good materials, still we really should have a slightly different subject, other speakers, new materials, and possibly also a different time and place.

The agreement among the delegates covers only the one negative point, that the meeting should be other than it is; from there on they divide. Certainly there will be a session, or two or three or more, devoted to the procedure of the sessions themselves, at every level: "I suggest, Mr. Chairman, that it would be better if we proceeded from the general to the particular, rather than the other way around." "On the contrary, Mr. Chairman, I think we should take a concrete case, something we can get our teeth into, and avoid these generalities." "Couldn't we have all the speeches simultaneously the first thing in the morning, and get them over with?" "Are we going to have a report? And to whom should it be addressed?" "Can't we have a personal stenographer in every buzz group?" In this way, many happy, high-paid hours are spent.

Now, from having been researched by many of these gatherings, what great conclusions do we draw? What, indeed, *was* wrong with those meetings?

Much can always be said, of course, against the Conference Man. He is dumber, sleepier, greedier,

more confused, and generally less likable than individual man. He is late to meetings. He can bear any amount of nonsense so long as he is fed well and paid well and has the afternoons free for horseback riding and golf. He likes to associate with eminence and to pretend to importance, so long as it does not involve much actual work. So much for him.

Much could also be said against what social philosophers doubtless would call Collective Man—that monument of selfishness who is convinced that he is to be excused any amount of outrageous behavior simply because he represents some worthy and respected pressure group. Logrolling and back scratching are his exercises; *Quid pro quo* and *Cui bono?* are his mottoes; his own interest is all he really cares about.

A good deal would also have to be said, in this connection, about Democratic Man, at least as he appears in the United States. He seems to think that democracy requires much unprepared talking and still more talking, many meetings and still more meetings, and the spontaneous expression of opinions by everyone. If numbers of people meet and talk, and talk and meet, he seems to feel, wisdom thereby arises. He lives by the terrible principle of representativeness. Men are brought to these conferences, regularly, in a sort of balanced ticket: one Jew, one Catholic, one Protestant; one labor leader to every businessman; one Republican to every Democrat; very carefully, a Negro and a woman; an economist with the Economist's View, a psychoanalyst with the Psychoanalytical View, a philosopher with the Standpoint of Philosophy. In my earliest conferencegoing days I myself was a College Student, attending as representative decoration conferences composed mainly of older people. Invariably there would come a golden moment when—since I then had sense enough to keep my mouth shut and would not have spoken—the chairman would pounce: "But let us hear from the Student Mind"; or "And how does this sound to Young People?"

THE RUINOUS PRINCIPLE of representativeness and the fierce self-interest of collective man tie in with a still greater source of defective consultations and institutes: in the society they draw upon, the great principle of the division of labor has run riot. Men now wrap their minds and souls, and also their egos, around the technical rigor, or anyway the jargon and the outlook, of their own line; they lose, if they ever had it, the ability to treat general and public questions with anything approaching the disciplined intelligence they give, at their best, to their specialty.

A broadly mixed conference, therefore, is something of a battle between competing occupational ideologies. The men of action, flexing their muscles, citing the payrolls they have met, resolutely apply only a practical test to any question: what would you *do* if you were Sec-

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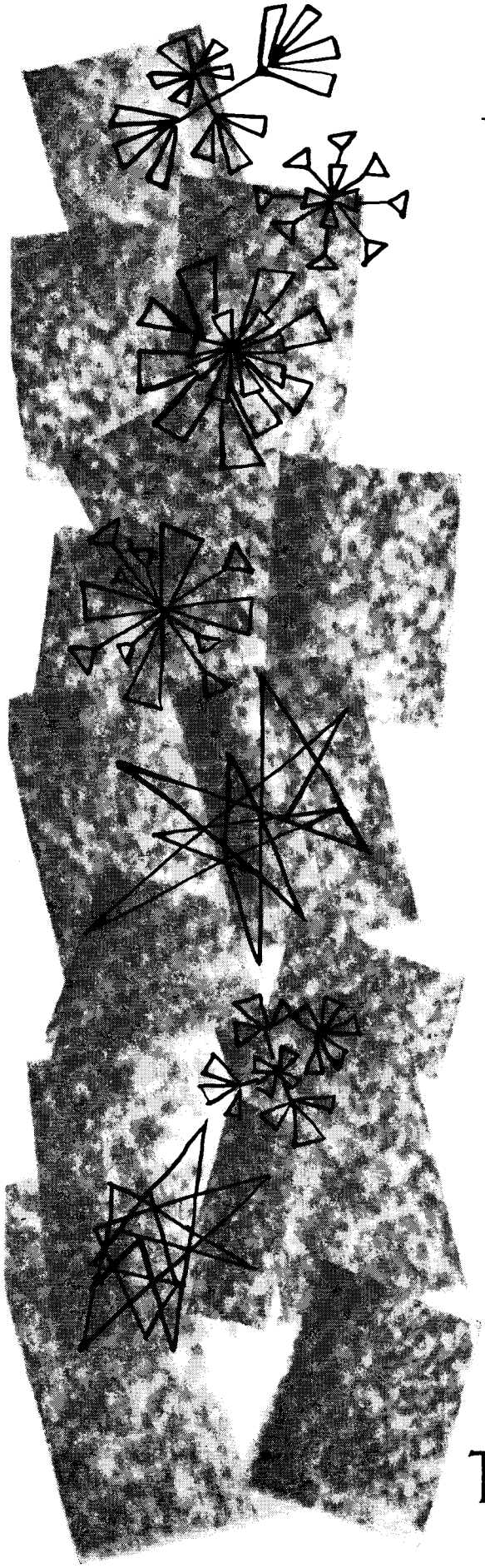

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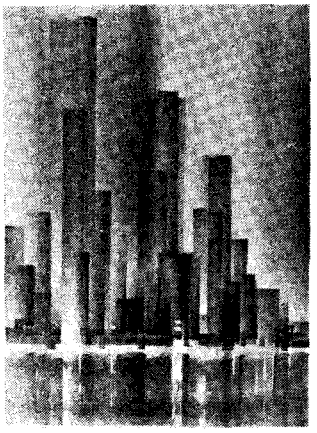

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retary of State? The men of thought counter this with their prearranged categories and with ever more refined distinctions: just when a nonthinker thinks he has caught on, the thinker has yet another distinction to keep himself in the lead. The fact people cite studies and still more empirical studies, the conclusion of which is that we need yet more studies before any conclusions can be drawn; the idea people, managing to convey the impression that it is beneath the dignity of thinkers to deal in information, jump instead to first principles and to the absolute priority of the philosophical underpinnings. The national people insist on the over-all view; the local people insist that you have to know how it is at the grass roots. The academic intellectuals find the "insights" of the nonacademic intellectuals random and undisciplined, partaking of shallow journalism; the nonacademic intellectuals find the school people's book-dropping stuffy and timid.

And all this barely scratches the surface of a much more intricate pattern of defensiveness and disrespect, among all sorts of highly refined varieties from metaphysics to business psychology (it has not been researched unto me that this last actually exists, but it must; it is a natural). Some common thread is needed to bind all these contending varieties together, but we haven't got it.

I SPOKE of the way data press themselves, unbidden, upon the researcher (or researchee); conclusions do the same. By examining the fault in the conference, I am brought, much to my surprise, to a conclusion about the subject I was avoiding, the very one to which the conference ordinarily is addressed: What is missing in our national purpose, image, democracy, mass communication, morality, commitment, character, education, free society, and will? What is missing is the shared intellectual frame that would make for a fruitful conference.

2. A Case in Point: Bedlam at Edinburgh

RALPH W. CONDEE

THIS YEAR'S Edinburgh International Festival supplied a stage for the novelists and poets, and they left themselves and the public gasping. After fifteen years of music, theater, ballet, and painting, the Festival Committee introduced a one-week Writers' Conference as well, and as Mary McCarthy remarked on the last day, if she put all that had happened into a novel, she wouldn't be believed. "I'd have to tone it down," she said.

The conference was like a vast cocktail party at which everyone drank too much, stayed too long, thought he was the guest of honor, broke the furniture, and said all sorts of things he would regret the next day. The writers debated with great heat the pros and cons of homosexuality, they confessed their crimes against the laws of the United States and the United Kingdom, they threatened and insulted each other, sang solos and duets, and ordered each other to shut up (which almost no one ever did).

The theme of the conference was "The Novel Today" (although poets and playwrights were included), with Monday (August 20) devoted to "Contrasts of Approach," Tuesday to "Scottish Writing Today," Wednesday to "Commitment," Thursday to "Censorship," and Friday to "The Novel and the Future." The organizers—John Calder, Sonia Brownell, and James Haynes, with Malcolm Muggeridge as "Artistic Producer"—invited everybody who was anybody and got an impressive list of acceptances: Aldous Huxley, Lawrence Durrell, Ilya Ehrenburg, Mary McCarthy, Norman Mailer, Alberto Moravia, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Bertrand Russell, Stephen Spender, Angus Wilson, etc., etc. Of course many

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of them never arrived—none of the Russian contingent, Russell, Huxley, Moravia, or Robbe-Grillet. But Stephen Spender chaired one meeting, as did, for varying periods, Norman Mailer, Mary McCarthy, Angus Wilson, and David Daiches.

The argument that caused the greatest stir at the conference, although it was carefully kept out of the Scottish press, was the one on homosexuality. It all began at the Tuesday meeting when a writer began his address by stating that he was homosexual. The relevance of the remark was not entirely clear, since the session was devoted to contemporary Scottish writing and the writer was not a Scot; but so much happened in the session on Scottish writing that no one worried about relevance. In fact, the statement went almost unnoticed in the general clamor.

But the next day, in the discussion of "Commitment," Khushwant Singh, a Sikh novelist, said that he was committed to such personal concepts as love, especially the love of people of approximately the same age and of different sex. He said he thought that the homosexual love of one man for another was a different thing, rather like a eunuch's love. Uproar broke loose—applause, boos, and hisses from the audience, and cries of "Shame!" from the platform behind him. A continental novelist seized the microphone to defend homosexual love although he himself, he said, was heterosexual. This too was greeted with cheers from all sides, and as he returned to his seat the homosexual who had spoken the day before rose and shook him by the hand. One couldn't help wondering if the issue weren't going to be placed before the conference for a vote.

THE WILDEST SESSION of all, it turned out, was that one on "Scottish Writing Today." David Daiches, English-born but Scottish-educated, formerly a professor at Chicago and Cornell, now at the University of Sussex, chaired the meeting with the skill and courage of a lion tamer. Hugh McDiarmid, the dean of Scottish poets, arrived in kilts and opened fire as if the Battle of Culloden had never happened. He denounced England, "Scotland's

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traditional and only enemy," and the kilt-clad members of the audience rose and cheered (others sat and hissed). "I hate the blighters!" he cried, and people throughout McEwan Hall stood as they clapped. Robin Jenkins, a Glasgow novelist who disagreed with McDiarmid, expressed impatience at statements that Somhairle Maclean was an important Scottish poet, since Maclean wrote only in Gaelic. Not five people, even in this audience, said Jenkins, can read Gaelic. At that a great throng claiming fluent Gaelic rose to their feet and denounced Jenkins with catcalls, slogans, and even short speeches (in English).

The table at which the panel sat —with Scotch whisky rather than water in the carafes—began to throb at this, and Alexander Trocchi, a native Scot recently returned from the United States under interesting if disputed auspices, burst out with a denunciation of all things Scottish. He was sorry he had come back, he said, and while he honored McDiarmid personally, he thought McDiarmid's ideas were "too crummy to be commented on," and that McDiarmid was—and Trocchi paused thoughtfully—"an old so-and-so." An odd feature of the meeting was the contrast between the violence of the feelings and the decorum of the language.

McDiarmid, who is a pro-Russian Marxist (this is the explicit position he took in his talk "Why I Am a Communist" at the Wednesday meeting on "Commitment") as well as a Scottish nationalist, immediately accused Trocchi of being pro-American. Trocchi answered that he was in favor only of American criminals because he was one himself and had fled the United States with falsified papers. Much of what followed was confused because at that point McDiarmid and Trocchi made simultaneous speeches at the top of their lungs while the chairman, Daiches, tried to establish order. McDiarmid seemed to be saying that the Scots had carried civilization to the rest of the world ("And never came back to Scotland!" shouted Trocchi), and needed only freedom from England (cheers from the kilts in the audience and cries of "Down with Scotland!" from Trocchi (who was now hammering on the table with his fist).

At last Daiches roared that he was the chairman and that Trocchi was to be still, all the while Trocchi was shouting: "That's the trouble with Scotland! There's always a chairman. If you want me out you'll have to throw me out." As Daiches rose from his chair, Trocchi, who is at least eight inches taller than Daiches, retracted his challenge.

When the fires of Scottish nationalism began to sink, Stephen Spender added gasoline to the flames by pointing out the parallel with Ireland: since independence, he said, Ireland has become a cultural desert. Therefore the optimum cultural position for a nation was not to be independent of England but to hang forever on the verge of becoming independent. As the audience roared against him, one feared that Spender would be dragged from the hall by angry Highlanders.

Nothing very sensible emerged from this discussion except the clear idea, comforting in a smug way to an American, that living on England's back doorstep presents a Scottish writer with problems fortunately unknown to us.

The discussion of "Censorship," on Thursday, produced less furor but not much more of value. Norman Mailer advanced the notion that governments forbid the description of certain sexual matters in order to keep their people frustrated and warlike, since governments want wars, and sexual satisfaction leads to peace. There was surprising agreement with this from other writers on the platform until at last Stephen Spender remarked that it was foolish to imagine that Her Majesty's government objected to *Lolita* on the ground that it would reduce the war-making propensities of the Wrens (applause and hisses).

The afternoon was brightened by the appearance on the platform of an anonymous member of the audience who was, he said, "a professional ex-pornographer." He pleaded not merely for the right to publish Henry Miller and D. H. Lawrence but also for the right to publish dirty books. "What's the harm of pornography?" he asked. "Let them have their fun."

The meeting grew serious when a member of the audience asked the chairman, Mary McCarthy, to ask Petar Segedin of the Yugoslav delegation to comment on the imprisonment of Djilas. Segedin spoke at some length (in French) and drew perhaps the greatest applause of the conference. He said that while he thought Djilas was wrong, he should not have been imprisoned or even censored. Segedin went on to discuss Yugoslavia's miserable history of the past forty years, its poverty before and since the war, and its rape during the war. "You must understand us," he pleaded. "It is as if you were on the second story of a building, looking down at us in the basement. We hope some day to be up there where you are, but you must not expect from us the same things you expect from your own societies."

An ominous note in this discussion and the preceding one on "Commitment" was the recurrence of Alan Paton's name. Paton had been invited to the conference and the conference heard his moving letter of refusal in which he explained that the South African government considered him too dangerous a man to let out of the country.

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The last meeting, "The Novel and the Future," had an air of melancholy weariness about it, as if it were a hangover from the wildness of the early part of the week, and questions on whether such a conference had any value recurred more frequently. Niccolò Tucci proclaimed that the future was a thing of the past and read an interminable letter to President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan on the dangers of nuclear war. The chairman for the day, Angus Wilson, at last interrupted him quite sternly to suggest that he mail the letter instead of taking more of the conference's time.

William Burroughs, whose *Naked Lunch* Mary McCarthy and others had singled out for special praise, described the "fold-in" novel which he is working on: "You take pages 1 and 100 of your novel and cut them in half [vertically, it seemed, but this was not perfectly clear]. Then you paste one half of page 1 to the other half of page 100 and read the two as if they were one page, but inserting it in the novel at, say, page 10." This device, Burroughs said, was similar to that which musicians used when they repeated themes. Khushwant Singh interrupted to ask Chairman Wilson to ask Burroughs if he was serious. Burroughs said that he was. He also recommended introducing pages or fragments of pages from other writers.

As THE LAST SESSION closed on Friday, it was at any rate clear that writing novels is not a skill that necessarily coincides with the ability to talk about them. Of all the participants it was David Daiches, a critic and not a novelist, who had the most of importance to say. When the writers tried to be original and clever, they often sold out for a cheap laugh. When they aimed at profundity, they usually spoke in commonplaces. Like politicians, they strongly favored Truth, Sincerity, Love, and Mankind; they opposed Oppression and Intolerance. They also opposed politicians. But the ability to improvise meaningfully on literary subjects on a public platform from a Monday to a Friday is not related to the ability to write good novels or poems in any very essential way. We are not surprised if Mickey Mantle talks incoherently about baseball; perhaps it should not surprise us if novelists often talk nonsense about novels. The mistake lay in asking them to talk instead of reading their books.

FRESHMAN

His face is like a girl's, heartshaped
and beardless. He would like to seem
more weathered than he is. But how?
Puppies betray with silky coats
and bungling paws they are not dogs.

Grandmothers see their sons in him,
grandfathers their own early strife,
matrons would love to pamper him,
girls to marry him, and teachers
to shine their honor through his mind.

But he is wary of them all.
Only one thing can help him: Time
that hardens saplings into logs
and wrings the girl-face of a boy
into the old man's anguished mask.

—DILYS LAING

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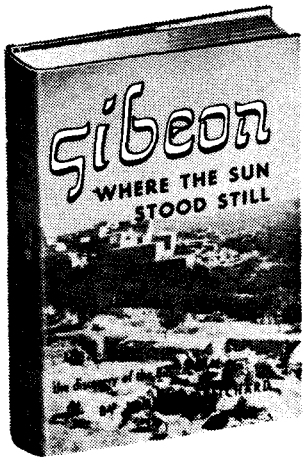

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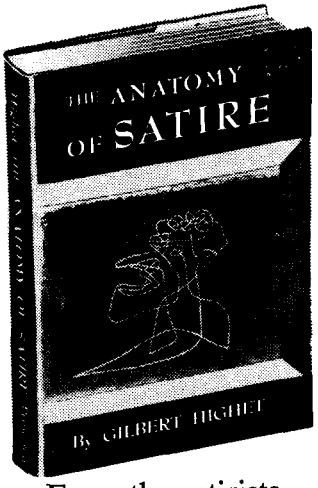

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BOOKS

A Credo for the Ultras

WILLIAM LETWIN

WHO IS AYN RAND?, by Nathaniel and Barbara Branden. *Random House. $3.95.*

The news that one of the celebrities of the radical Right is emerging as a philosopher will be welcomed with relief at least by nonbelievers. Ideas, however unpalatable, are easier to deal with than a chaotic mixture of fears, hatreds, and wild hopes. For this reason it is reassuring to learn that a creed for the ultras is in the course of being worked out by Ayn Rand, author of the best-selling novels *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*. The first more or less official interpretation of her principles appears in this book by her chief apostles.

A few years ago Miss Rand took to the lecture circuit to expatiate on her philosophy, which she has named "Objectivism." Her following, which is most fervent among the rebellious young, has made a cult about her name. Reports of her addresses have unfortunately been less specific about her ideas than about her looks, manner, and especially her favorite piece of jewelry, a dollar sign fashioned of pure gold, a device that symbolizes her thinking but does not quite explain it.

It is less widely known that although Miss Rand is indisputably of the Right, others on that flank regard her as heretical. Questions concerning her credentials were raised most sharply by the late Whittaker Chambers in an acid critique of *Atlas Shrugged* for the *National Review*. Besides making pointed comments on her literary talent, Chambers expressed grievous doubts about her political orthodoxy. It is becoming increasingly clear to many American conservatives that, as things stand now, they have more to fear from the radical Right than from any other group in the country.

Even though her doctrine is not yet fully formed, a few years back Miss Rand allowed a school to be founded to teach her philosophy. The Nathaniel Branden Lectures are convened on regular evenings in a mid-Manhattan hotel, and the movement is now spreading to other cities. The principal lecturer is Mr. Branden, a psychologist, whom Miss Rand has designated as her "intellectual heir." He is assisted by his wife, Barbara, who professes to have read *Atlas Shrugged* dozens of times. Instruction in Objectivism proceeds by exegesis of Miss Rand's works. *Who Is Ayn Rand?* consists of essays by Mr. Branden and a short biography by Mrs. Branden that documents Miss Rand's personal qualities

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES *Oxford University Press,* New York 16, N. Y.

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and achievements, especially her lifelong preoccupation with philosophy. The volume, being the testament of a cult, will be more highly valued by Objectivists than by Outsiders.

Outsiders can get a more direct introduction to Miss Rand's philosophy by referring to her novels. Her chief idea, the destructive effects of dictatorship on individual personalities, even vivid and strong ones, was expressed in her first novel, *We the Living* (1936), based on her experiences in Russia, where she was born in 1905 and whence she fled in 1925. The theme was restated, somewhat more abstractly, in her second novel, *Anthem* (1938), which bears a certain resemblance to *Brave New World*. But these novels were, from the standpoint of doctrine, merely sketches for her more mature efforts, of which the first was *The Fountainhead* (1943), the book that established her reputation.

The central figure of *The Fountainhead* is a heroic individual named Howard Roark. He is an architect of that amiable sort who insists on building what *he* considers beautiful and practical, regardless of his clients' desires, who makes no concessions and gets his own way. Miss Rand lauds his egotism without qualification or intermission. Her work runs contrary to the tradition of tragedy, in which the hero's pride, no matter how fully justified by his greatness, always leads to his destruction. She abhors tragedy as a lie. In her view, there are no natural limits and still less any supernatural limits on how far rational and energetic men can go. Roark triumphs, but the story of his struggle is meant to teach us that modern life is a contest between creative people who want to get on with the job and the parasites who constantly hinder them by insisting that virtue requires the strong to sacrifice themselves to the weak.

In *Atlas Shrugged* (1957), Miss Rand went on to expand this lesson. She portrays a time when the "looters"—the many who seize the fruits produced by the few creators—will have taken over the world. The plot is summarized in the title. Atlas, having borne an increasingly heavy burden, finally shrugs it off: the "men of creative ability"—manufacturers, bankers, engineers, and so forth—go off into voluntary exile. This strike leaves the parasites in undisputed command of an economic machine that they do not know how to operate, and everything falls into chaos. The strikers have won. They return to work on their own terms: nobody shall ever regulate them again.

Two elements of Miss Rand's philosophy are easily detected in *Atlas Shrugged*. The first is the assertion that there is an objective reality; hence Objectivism. To put it more loosely, things are what they seem; to put it in Miss Rand's memorable phrase, "existence exists." The three parts of the novel are labeled so as to reflect this view. For instance, the third part, in

which the "men of mind" triumph over mysticism and willful ignorance, is entitled "A is A"—the logical principle of identity transformed into a battle cry. The other element of Objectivism that appears in the novel is the proposition that no man should sacrifice himself to another. Altruism is the great sin.

Objectivism will in due course receive its definitive text. Miss Rand is now writing a treatise that will, as she puts it, "present a new theory of the nature, source and validation of concepts." But as the treatise will not be ready for several years, her latest work, *For the New Intellectual* (1961), is offered "as a lead or summary for those who wish to acquire an integrated view of existence." The essay that gives that volume its name takes as its premise that America is approaching intellectual bankruptcy. "If we look at modern intellectuals, we are confronted with the grotesque spectacle of such characteristics as militant uncertainty, crusading cynicism, dogmatic agnosticism, boastful self-abasement and self-righteous depravity—in an atmosphere of guilt, of panic, or despair, of boredom and of all-pervasive evasion." The essay explains how all this has come about. Miss Rand's history of civilization starts with the observation that men can reason, but reasoning is difficult. Most societies have therefore rejected reason and operated instead by force and faith. Force is the instrument of the looter—whom she gives the generic name of Attila—who uses it to conquer the men of reason, the only men who, by conquering nature, are able to be creative, to change life for the better. Faith is the instrument of the witch doctor, who supplies Attila with an intellectual justification of force. As the witch doctor rejects reason, his conclusions clash with reality: he therefore dismisses true reality in favor of a "higher" reality, where, among other things, reasonable rules of logic do not hold and "A is non-A" prevails instead. In short, the world consists of men of reason, the producers; men of force and men of faith, the marauders; and "ballast," the men who "go through life in a state of unfocused stupor."

The historically typical organization of society was changed for a moment, continues Miss Rand, by the industrial revolution. Capitalism, especially in the United States, brought about the rule of the producers, the joint establishment of free mind and free market. Capitalism displaced Attila and the witch doctor, installing in their places the businessman and the intellectual. For a moment all was well, but then the rot set in again. The businessman was doing his job, bringing about an astonishing level of prosperity. "But the intellectual has sold him out, has betrayed their common source [capitalism], has failed in his own job and has brought men to spiritual bankruptcy." And the the cause of this betrayal has been a deterioration of philosophy. The philosophers—and intellectuals are only the lieutenants of the philosophers—went astray. Beginning with Descartes and guided by Hume, Kant, and the Logical Positivists, among others, philosophers have denied that man's knowledge of the

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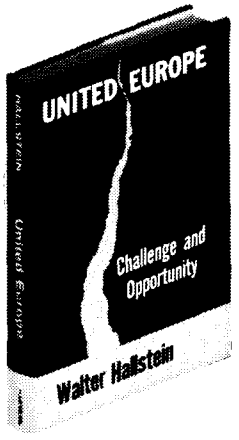

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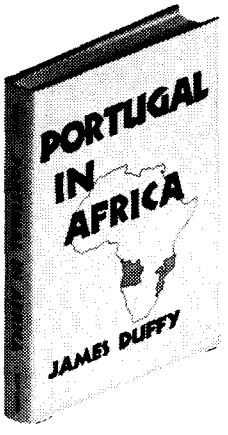

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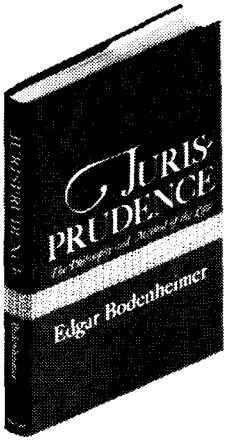

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THE REPORTER

Acrostickler® No. 63

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
46 64 168 142 10 136 212 184 28 112 Growing in clusters or colonies.

B
8 84 222 30 204 "Many widows were in Israel in the days of_____,...But unto none of them was_____sent." Luke. (Same word twice.)

C
6 72 216 154 144 126 148 In ancient Rome a ceremony tendered a general who had won a lesser victory than that for which a triumph was given.

D
88 214 82 162 200 110 Ransacked.

E
96 175 198 166 *Structure of stone as* adapted to grinding.

F
16 12 116 24 130 206 "A coachman may be on the wery amicablest terms with _____mile o' females, and yet nobody think that he ever means to marry any vun among them." Dickens, "Pickwick Papers."

G
58 192 60 74 202 182
"O lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a_____and a wild desire."
Browning, "The Ring and the Book."

H
2 208 107 196 218
"The troubles of our proud and_____dust
Are from eternity..." Housman, "Last Poems."

I
14 32 55 18 City in California on river of the same name, north of San Pedro Bay.

J
62 4 98 210 The part of a pedestal between the base and the surbase.

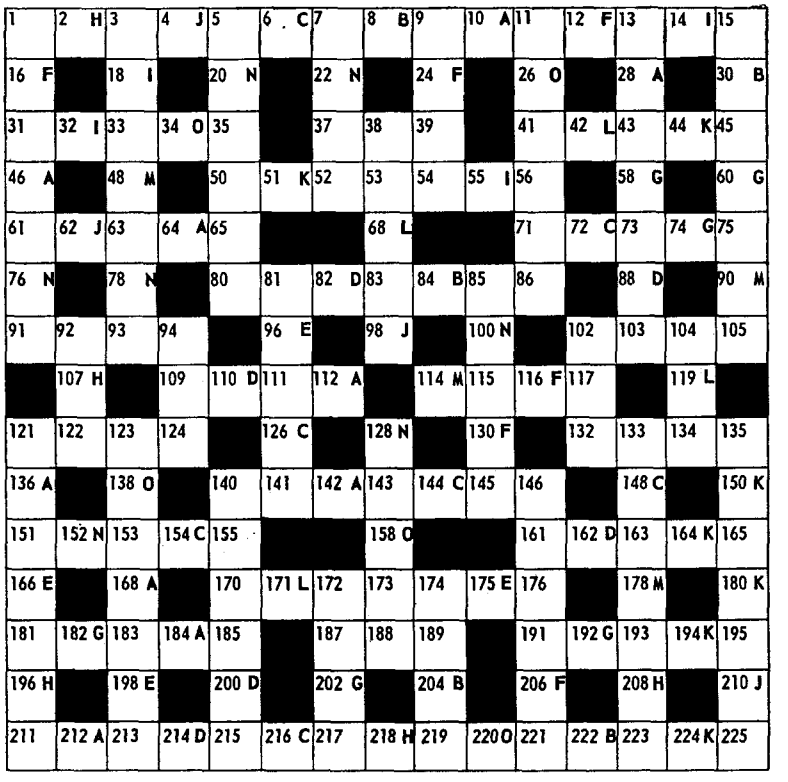
K
44 150 51 180 224 194 164 A *mountain* whose Tibetan name is Chomo-lungma.

L
68 42 119 171
"Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of_____ and lightning."
Shelley, "Ode to the West Wind."

M
90 178 48 114
"I steadier step when I recall
That, if I_____,Thou dost not fall,"
Clough, "With Whom Is No Variableness."

N
22 128 76 20 100 78 152 Most favorable or conducive to a given end.

O
34 26 138 158 220 One of a tribe or race of no fixed location.



ACROSS

1. The job formerly headed by the Acrostician had nothing to do with abdominal surgery (5,10).
31. Gives notice of conflict before North and South separated.
37. An Indian found not only in the West, but East as well.
41. He was made replete when he ate in South Dakota.
50. A soft phrase, maybe.
61. Love, or read about love, anyhow!
71. Avoid trees but not riots.
80. This was fed and later lied and thus became sullied.
91. Change the tense of 41 to present direction.
102. Troubles that bubble from soda, perhaps.
109. *Tots down and sums up.*
114. Gypsies? No? Yes! Just gluttons!
121. Let out a rope covered with pitch.
132. *Kind of rider and horse Porter* had to leap.
140. This kind of shingle is probably a cliff of white chalk.
151. Pour out, my pet!
161. They are the tops in novel items.
170. The dent in the vase came first, but this came last on the vaudeville bill (3,4).
181. A city in Spain goes soft for a late great picaro.
187. Always without five in poetry, but always with five now.
191. Riot! Riots! (obs.)
211. An Army ride is vital to the Acrostician's chief function (8,7).

DOWN

1. A modern entrance seems to lead to an old prison.
3. Ours via alteration becomes *diversified.*
5. Fifty-one hastened, spoken defectively.
7. Empty fluid from the cup our ancestors used.
9. Hear the American ostrich.
11. It's thrown when set in sod.
13. Describes movement from the center, not the clinic for visiting patients.
15. Grief extends to this dour Scottish cape, apparently.
38. Thread in poetic form in Lanier's third stanza.
81. A heath near London will do in little England.
85. Gives off and smites me.
92. A title in India, Gambia, Gaul, etc.
94. A small boy turned up almost as statistics.
102. Father's snake?
104. Lo, I put this in my pipe, but I don't smoke it.
121. In the time before school opens, we keep our temper or suffer.
123. Anger the little devil and endanger all.
128. This dish may be found at home.
133. Put nails in dyes.
135. A muscle is always a rock, it seems.
140. Yet Lee's in a sort of hole and may be hooked.
146. Shakespeare's *Prince Hal* and Hervey Allen's but not all's.
172. A four-footed beast in forest or reed.
174. A four-footed beast in Rome or the sky.

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universe could be certain or that the validity of a moral code could be proved by rational demonstration. They committed treason; they did not provide "a code of rational morality," but offered instead "the witch doctor's morality of human sacrifices—of self-denial, self-abasement, self-immolation—of suffering, guilt and death."

Under the influence of philosophers, intellectuals turned against the businessman: "Evading the difference between production and looting, they called the businessman a robber." They became socialists, and in doing so rebelled against freedom and reason. The businessmen, understandably though unwisely, turned anti-intellectual, and are now as a result motivated by "chronic fear—in all the social, political, moral, *intellectual* aspects of their existence." They do nothing but try to appease their worst enemies.

It is from this bog of decay that the new intellectuals must, according to Miss Rand's program, lead us back to redemption. The first stage will be a reunion of businessmen and intellectuals, that is, the few honest ones who still remain; together they will then rediscover the virtues of capitalism. The intellectuals will forswear collectivism. The businessmen will rid themselves of the sickness that has made them willing victims of collectivism, the sickness of altruism, the doctrine that making money is selfish and selfishness a sin. They will glory in selfishness. The "perfect society," as Miss Rand calmly calls it, will emerge from the dogma of Each Man for Himself.

In Miss Rand's perfect society, men of reason apparently run no risk of colliding with each other, and no man's chimney will ever again pour smoke on his neighbor's house. Miss Rand blithely assumes that no reasonable individual can ever be torn by conflict between equally valid and equally strong principles within himself, and similarly that no two men can ever fall into a dispute where the claims of each are strong and valid and, as far as anyone can rationally judge, evenly balanced. "Did it ever occur to you," asks John Galt, the hero of *Atlas Shrugged*, "that there is no conflict of interests among men,

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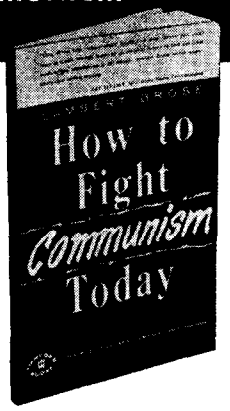

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neither in business nor in trade nor in their most personal desires—if they omit the irrational from their view of the possible and destruction from their view of the practical?" It is a wonderful world, Miss Rand's.

Too bad the real world is such a vastly inferior place, where the interests even of rational men do not always coincide, and where there is accordingly need for adjudication by law and for a willingness to compromise. The trouble with Miss Rand's philosophy is not that it extols individualism but that it would demolish the frame of mind that has made men at all fit to live with each other. This rashness, which can scarcely be called conservative, explains her appeal to the radical Right. ««

Writers As Characters

ALFRED KAZIN

A VIEW OF MY OWN, by Elizabeth Hardwick. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.50.*

All criticism that is falsely professional in tone can be traced to the delusion that books are not produced by authors, that authors are less deserving of critical concern than their characters are. If literary works were totally separable from their authors and could be studied apart from the voice that spoke them (which they cannot be), it would require as much genius in understanding for the critic to be equal to these works as it did for the author to write them. Actually, most of the criticism that purports to be about the text "exclusively" is produced by people who are not writers, who have no experience of the creative process and therefore no sympathy with it. Far from trying to engage the work on its own level, they use it as a way of demonstrating their own cleverness or scholarship. By contrast, criticism by *writers* is always sensitive to the individual mind and personality behind a book. A writer is the last person in the world to confuse a writer with a book, since he is always living the difference. But his interest in other authors stems from the fact that some human being's specific originality is still the biggest part behind the creation of any book, and often the fact that gives us the greatest pleasure in reading it.

Elizabeth Hardwick's literary essays delight me. When she writes about William James's incomparable letters, for example, she comes as close, in sympathy for his point of view and in admiration for his special gifts, as another writer can. Yet though her essay in appreciation is grateful, loving, properly astonished by James's freedom of manner and openness of mind, you are aware that she has also been sizing him up, that to her William James has thoroughly proved himself to be a great writer, and that the pleasure she takes in writing a critical essay is to give these proofs. Yet even that makes the essay sound more deliberately useful than it was meant to be. Surely her essay is good critical analysis because she is honestly fascinated by the unique fact that was William James—the only American philosopher who reminds one of Jefferson's range and charm and genuineness. To see the writer himself as a character, with all sorts of subtle extensions and unexpectednesses, and yet never to forget that a writer's character is interesting only if his work is, and that this makes them kin—this is a decided gift.

Although she is fascinated by writers, she is never sentimental about the disappointers. She says of Sherwood Anderson that he was "uncertain in an exceptional way; in a very real sense his literary equipment began and ended with this painful state of being. . . . It is as a *case* that he is unfailingly interesting, this peculiar rising and waning star, this man who brought to literature almost nothing except his own lacerated feelings." She is not indulgent to the case. But admiring Hart Crane for his letters as much as for his poetry, she can speak of "Poor Crane—a genius from Cleveland—with his little pair of parents, or his pair of little parents"; and she can say of the gifted Jameses that the family was shot through, "like a piece of Irish tweed," with neurasthenia. She notes of Henry James, "his literally mysterious energy and grinding ambition, his devilish application like

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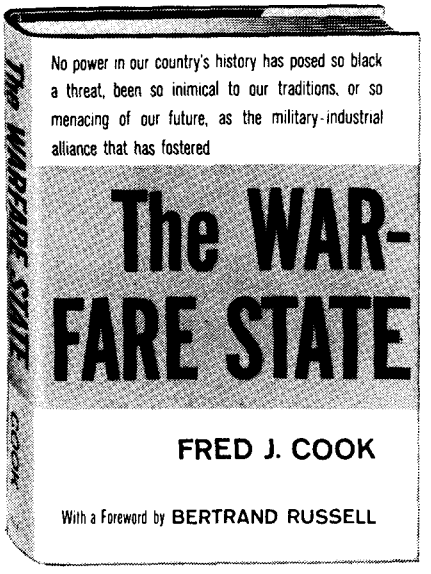
No power in our country's history has posed so black a threat, been so inimical to our traditions, or so menacing of our future, as the military-industrial alliance that has fostered
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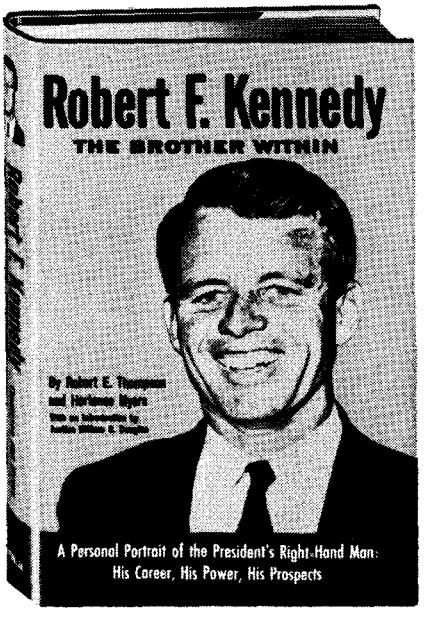
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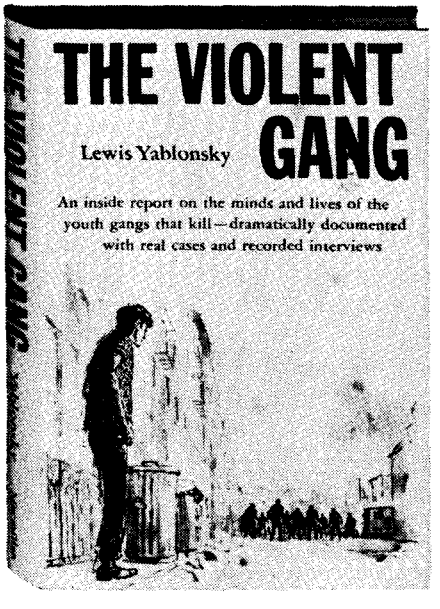
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that of an obsessed prospector during the gold rush." These are brilliant images, and they are also peculiarly apt. But the critical insights she draws are never teachery and pompously "critical"; the brilliance of this writing stems from the concentrated awareness and pleasure that Miss Hardwick gets out of other writers. When a critic's attention becomes this devoted, when the reader recognizes that he can trust the critic's concern and wit and intelligence, then criticism becomes again the wholly humane thing that so many pretensions in our age conspire against. François Mauriac says somewhere that when one is attached to certain works, it is ultimately the writer behind them that one loves—which is why one wants to read everything by the really good writer. If I understand the argument implicit in Miss Hardwick's discussion of "Memoirs, Conversations and Diaries," she is saying that our impersonalism and scientism and psychologizing have led us into a squeamishness about confronting the author, the human treasure behind any significant book, and that this now limits imagination. Without a proper respect for and curiosity about authors, our image of literature is restricted to its commentators. She says of classic works in biography like Boswell's and De Quincey's that there is not a hint of sex in their books, but goes on to make the important point that "Our own age is even more prudish in this respect; conversational and fictional freedom has increased, but in memoirs and portraits the license has been nearly revoked." It follows that "From our serious periodicals it will be learned that our literary men, and also those of the past, had no life at all: they lived and died as a metaphor."

By contrast, it is Elizabeth Hardwick's sense of a writer's personality, a writer's manner, a writer's voice, that makes her book valuable at a time when so much criticism has no function but professional self-advancement. And this concern—always detached and responsible, rather waspish at times, sometimes pleasantly but justifiably malicious—gets her to write brilliantly on the books on nonwriters, as in her acute and merciful reflections on the ordeal of Caryl Chessman in the death cell. But she is unsparing in her examination of David Riesman's prose, and she can see the snob that explains the faults of Graham Greene and the actor that helped to ruin Dylan Thomas. She does not miss the genuine *disgust* with life, as opposed to mere disenchantment in romantic playwrights like Tennessee Williams, that she finds in John Osborne's *The Entertainer*. I don't know that I've ever seen a better explanation of why so many sociologists write like lumps than her description of the way in which they turn petty and passing social fashions into general laws. She can be funny and jeering, in the soft slightly cracked voice of Southern ladies, and yet I never feel about her most devastating remarks that she is calling attention to her wit or her "style." She has a wonderful little thing on Boston, all vinegary epigrams, that is yet, somehow, essentially compassionate. And taking up David Riesman's pronouncement that the new suburbanites, too, may be regarded as frontiersmen, Miss Hardwick notes that "These cool-eyed scouts tracking the forest of Suburbia, moving on to new 'frontiers of consumption,' are no doubt singing to the accompaniment of an electric guitar during the long, lonesome evenings." Even when she plainly gets tied up in the half-truths dictated by friendship, as in her essay on Mary McCarthy, Miss Hardwick's sense of irony, the Southerner's unfailing resource in a tight spot, comes through to the reader. Though she hints at values in Bernard Berenson's books that I am sure posterity will not discover, she has caught the real work of art that was Bernard Berenson's life, his public personality, in a remarkable tribute to his greatest quality, his determination—"He understood that the proud, small person, believing in art and comfort, must have singular powers and unrelenting watchfulness. . . . perfection and beauty, without restraint, provoke the unconscious, fatten and soften the will."

THE GREATEST VALUE of this book is that it re-creates literature as the living experience that it has been for the author. Just how steeped in literature Elizabeth Hardwick is, how thoroughly sensitive to

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it, can be seen in the extraordinary passage on page 206 where, describing Berenson's famous villa, I Tatti, she falls into a prose that in rhythm, in finicky adoration, and in imaginative vision of the picture presented by a house could have been written by Henry James. She says that Berenson's villa "was not luxuriously beautiful, at least not as such places are abroad. It was not a *paradiso* for an interesting idler, but simply a passable Italian villa, serviceable, comfortable, rather staid, with a good many brownish sofas and draperies. True, it had its garden, its dramatic cypresses and pieces of suitable sculpture, indeed everything graceful and practical that might be expected; still it was most memorable for its solidity, the somewhat Northern substantiality, the thickness of stuffs and things, the reminders of the comfortable Beacon Street standards of Berenson's youth." If you care enough about other writers, you may actually, without planning to, create literature.

Ernest Gross On the U.N.

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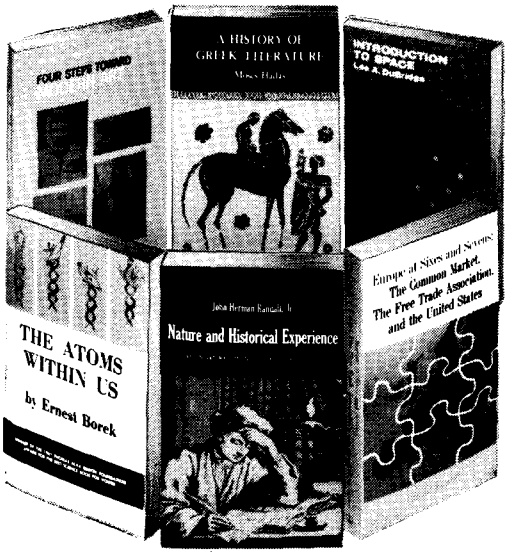

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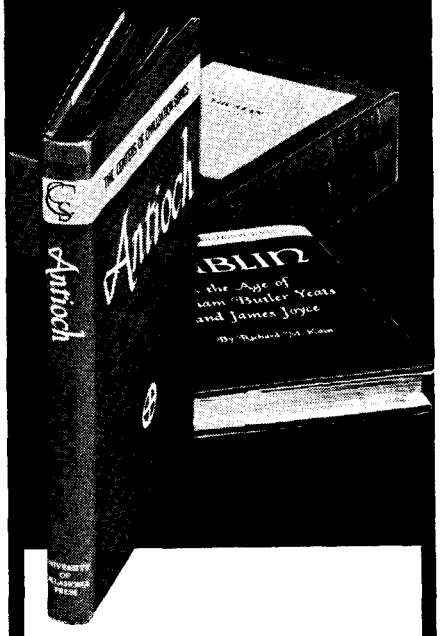

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and criticism of the way in which, only too frequently, it has been misused or unused.

Mr. Gross's clear and sometimes epigrammatic distillation of his knowledge and reflections testifies to the fact that his long experience with the world organization has been sustained by an absorbing and critical concern with its purposes and potentialities. He has had the singular fortune of living the U.N in two capacities: the first, as deputy United States permanent representative; later, as legal adviser to Dag Hammarskjöld. The knowledge of the U.N. Mr. Gross had acquired in the U.S. delegation was broadened and deepened by his work with Hammarskjöld.

Mr. Gross never loses sight of the inherently democratic nature of the Charter, and is not surprised at Communist attempts to violate its spirit and its letter. "The Soviet Union's efforts," he writes, "to subvert the Organization to its own uses have shown from the beginning that its adherence to the Charter was rooted in a cynical interpretation of self-interest." For Mr. Gross, the United Nations is a major theater of operations for our diplomacy as well as for that of all its other members, but it cannot possibly be the only one. For "the United Nations cannot serve as a substitute for national policy, any more than a hospital can replace a public health system." He does not find much sense in the indiscriminate advocacy of the back-the-U.N. principle so dear to those ". . . who make vague appeals for support to the United Nations, thus claiming for it an abstract or corporate existence it does not in fact possess."

Ever aware of the irreconcilable antagonism between the aims of international Communism and the true nature of the world organization, he is critical of the tendency recently exhibited by our government to adopt meaningless, demagogic Soviet slogans, such as general and complete disarmament. He has no patience with negotiationmongering: "History shows that 'negotiation' is not in itself an alternative to war or other forms of violence. Discussions were taking place when bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Munich was a preliminary to aggression."

There is no doubt, in reading this book, that Mr. Gross reached his most limpid conception of the U.N. while working as a close and trusted associate of Hammarskjöld. The best pages are on the secretariat, and the secretariat is invariably interpreted as it grew in the thinking and the action of Dag Hammarskjöld. Hammarskjöld knew how limited is the power of the U.N., and yet the daring to use that limited power never failed him when he saw that it had to be done to avoid a situation of chaos. He knew that the U.N. is a frail means to a faraway end which must nevertheless be incessantly pursued.

For Hammarskjöld as for Ernest Gross, the U.N. cannot possibly function unless the secretariat is truly independent of national interests—an independence whose embodiment and guarantor is the secretary-general. Therefore, no troika. That is why, in judging Hammarskjöld's successor, Mr. Gross cannot help being disturbed by the commitment U Thant made, at the time he took office as acting secretary-general, to collaborate and consult with his subordinates "in a spirit of mutual understanding," as Mr. Thant said, before taking action. Mr. Gross reminds us of how strongly Hammarskjöld stood on Article 100 of the Charter, which prohibits the members of the secretariat's staff from seeking or receiving instructions from any government—including, and first of all, their own government. "Several months prior to his death, Mr. Hammarskjöld warned that, as a principle, this was not negotiable."

Hammarskjöld's capacity for pointed, incisive phrasing, that rare gift he reserved for those he trusted, is exhibited on many pages of this little book. Some of the statements to be found here must have been hammered out in the course of the arduous work these two men did together, and are an evidence of the understanding that existed between them. Ernest Gross, probably more than anybody else, has a great deal to say about Dag Hammarskjöld. I am sure that he will say it, and that what he will say, as this book already shows, will be concise and compelling.

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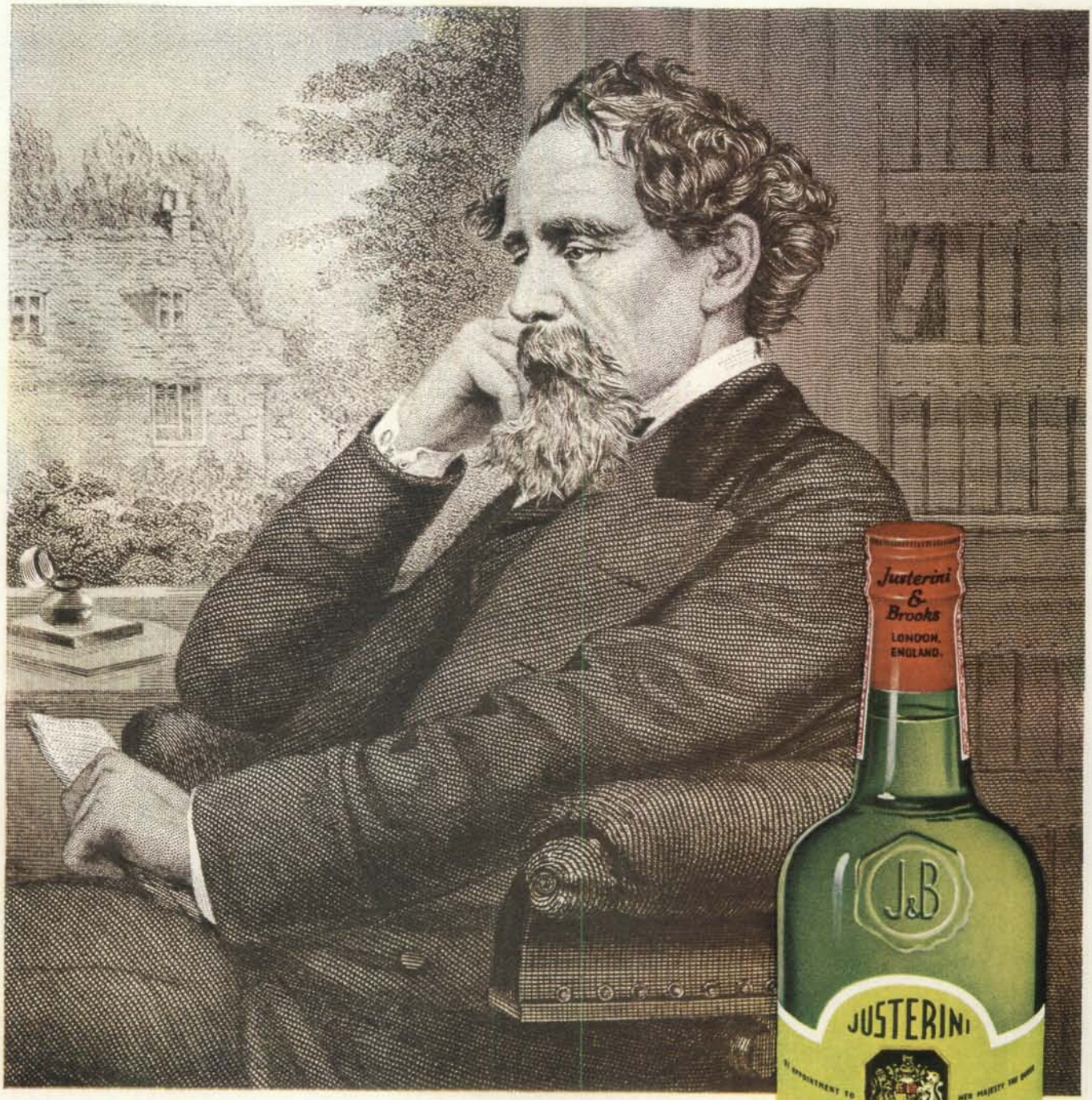

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